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AFFAIRS IN PARIS.

DEEPER and darker lowers the terrible cloud of calamity over Paris. Horrors on horror's head accumulate. The madness of civil contention has been succeeded by the delirium of political and social revenge. The Reign of

Terror and disorder inaugurated on March 18 has been replaced by another Reign of Terror in the name of Government, and under the auspices of the Ministers appointed by the Assembly, which is as disorderly as that of the Commune and certainly no less sanguinary. How long this new

Terror may continue it is impossible to tell, but assuredly is a very real horror at present. Men, women, and children are shot in dozens—nay, in hundreds—on the mere motion of the soldiery, and without trial, proof of guilt, or any other formality whatever. To be suspected is to be condemned,



"THE FIRST STEP."—PICTURE BY MRS. J. W. B. IN THE EXHIBITION BY FEMALE ARTISTS.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

After more than a week's hard fighting, the military have completely mastered the insurrection, and a melancholy tranquillity is restored to Paris. M. Thiers has issued a decree ordering the disarmament of the city and the dissolution of the National Guard of the department of the Seine. The courts-martial are still very busy, and it is stated that 1500 insurgents are executed daily. Numerous arrests are still made. The number of prisoners is said to exceed 40,000. It is estimated that before the entry of the troops into Paris the insurgents lost 12,000 in killed and wounded, and that more than 10,000 men with arms in their hands were killed in the fighting in the city. This does not include real or apparent non-combatants slain, the number of whom is very large—some estimating them at 50,000. With the exception of Piat and Groussier, all the chiefs of the Commune are either killed or prisoners. The final struggle, which took place in Montmartre, Belleville, and Père la Chaise, was most desperate. The women there, as elsewhere, fought savagely. No quarter was given to any man, woman, or child found in arms. Paris is resuming its usual life; omnibuses have made their reappearance and some of the cafés in the Boulevards are reopened. The Bank of France has resumed business. All powers of the civil authorities for the maintenance of order have been transferred to the military; and Paris is divided into four commands, under General Vinoy, General Ladmirault, General Cissey, and General Douay. The execution of insurgents continues, though it is semi-officially announced that summary executions have ceased, except as regards members of the Commune, revolutionaries, and rebel soldiers. Large sums of money were found on several of the Communists—one member of the Commune when taken had in his possession 1,500,000fr., and another 400,000fr.

The state of affairs in the city is thus described in a telegram dated Wednesday:—"The search for insurgents from house to house is still going on vigorously. It is still very hard either to leave or even to enter Paris. Gourde, the Communist Minister of Finance, has been found. It is said by insurgents that Clusent ought to be among the last batch of prisoners taken at Fort Vincennes. This being their last place of refuge, it is expected that many other ringleaders will be discovered. The Communist commander of that fort sent to the Bavarian General a list of his officers and men, requesting for the former passes into Switzerland, for the latter passes into France. After various negotiations, the affair was left in the hands of General Vinoy; and it was agreed that all the garrison of Vincennes, having never fired a shot, should be detained prisoners only temporarily, but that all fugitives who had taken refuge there should be surrendered unconditionally. The garrison eagerly consented to the terms, and at once put their chiefs in prison. Orders were found on many of them, signed Ulysse Parent, for the burning of the Hôtel de Ville, the Bourse, and other places.

"The Luxembourg is to replace temporarily the Hôtel de Ville, and the Staff has already moved there. Everything is going on quietly enough in most parts of Paris, but in the Belleville quarter life is still unsafe. Not only shots are fired from windows, but occasionally insurgents fire off revolvers upon officers at a few yards' distance. Many fear that, notwithstanding the large numbers of the insurgents caught, and the terrible example made, enough have escaped to give further trouble, if not by open resistance, at least by arson and secret assassinations. The severities, moreover, exercised by the military authorities have produced a pretty strong feeling of reaction against them, and in some of even the least revolutionary quarters the troops are scarcely popular, certainly not so popular as when they entered Paris. The insurgents find many sympathisers to hide them and assist their escape from Paris.

"The policy of England with reference to those who have escaped is watched with great anxiety.

"Active measures are being taken to cleanse the streets and rid them of the dead bodies, some of which had been buried where they fell under the barricades, with a foot or two of soil over them. Passers-by are pressed into the service as burying-parties, and the English Embassy has received complaints from Englishmen of having been seized for this purpose. The smell of corpses in some places is offensively strong, and it is feared this hot weather, following upon the heavy rain, may breed a pestilence.

"Traffic in the streets at night is getting easier, though the cafés have to be closed at eleven. The unpopularity of the troops is, no doubt, in part due to the deeply-rooted Parisian dislike of military rule and the abolition of the National Guard—a measure which, however necessary, under no circumstances is likely to be welcome."

"The *Gaulois* announces the resignation of all the members of the Cabinet, and the appointment of General Cissey as Minister of War. M. Leblond replaces M. Bonjean as President of the Chamber of the Court of Cassation, and M. Senard is appointed in the place of M. Leblond. The *Echo du Nord* says there is no doubt of an impending change in the leadership of the French Government. The Parliamentary conspiracy against Thiers is patiently pursuing its way. A vote of "No confidence" will be followed by the installation of the Duc d'Anjou or General Changarnier. M. Mahon remains faithful to Thiers, and refuses to lend himself to these combinations.

M. Jules Favre has sent a circular note to the representatives of France abroad, in which he states that the acts of the insurgents cannot be considered as political acts. Theft, crime, and premeditated arson are crimes punishable by the laws of all civilized nations. No nation can grant immunity to the perpetrator or accomplices of such crimes. "Consequently, if you learn that individuals compromised in the late revolt in Paris have escaped across the frontier of the nation to which you are accredited, I request you to ask for their immediate arrest, and to inform me, in order that I may take the necessary steps for their extradition." The *Journal Officiel*, commenting on the foregoing, adds that these instructions will meet with no obstacle. All Governments will understand that it is for the interest of all that justice be done upon malefactors organising such a revolt.

Dombrowski died in the bed-room of the Hôtel de Ville formerly occupied by Mdlle. Haussmann. The day after his escape from La Murette he received three rifle shots while at a barricade in the Rue d'Ornano. He was transferred from there to the Hôtel de Ville, where he died of his wounds. Delescluze was killed on Tuesday at the barricade of the Château d'Eau. His face was much disfigured by a portion of a burning wall which had fallen on it. His identity is amply proved by papers found in his pocket. The insurgent General Bisson, who was captured, was shot on Sunday, as well as Tavernier, a member of the Commune. Millière, a deputy of the National Assembly, was arrested in the Place Luxembourg. He was thence led to the Place du Panthéon, and there shot. When the soldiers were raising their rifles to dispatch him, he cried, "Vive la Commune!" "Vive l'humanité!" "Vive le Peuple!"

SPAIN.

In Monday's sitting of the Congress the Reform of the Standing Orders was approved by 144 votes against 96. The Minister of State, replying to Senor Castelar, stated that Spain would not close the door against anyone seeking admission to the country, but the Government would meet the just demands of France, and would rigorously carry out the treaty of extradition.

SWITZERLAND.

With reference to the Parisian refugees, the Federal Council has decided that in each case an investigation must be made, and the refugee only delivered up to the French authorities if he be proved guilty of ordinary crime.

ITALY.

The Minister of the Interior has sent instructions to the Prefects respecting the Parisian refugees crossing the Italian frontier.

culous. How the Germans on the north and east of Paris must laugh at the grandiose exultations emanating from Versailles over victories gained by the conquered of Werth, Gravelotte, Sedan, and Metz—victories won, too, many of them, by capturing barricades defended chiefly by women! This unseemly boasting is, we fear, only another indication of the moral decadence of France: a feature of late events, we repeat, infinitely more lamentable than any amount of material destruction. The Tuilleries might be rebuilt—if wanted; the priceless treasures of the Louvre, had they been wholly destroyed, might be replaced by others, though those treasures themselves could never be restored; but what shall compensate a nation for the loss of its moral stamina and self-respect?

THE COMMUNISTS AND EXTRADITION.

We trust that neither detestation of the horrible atrocities recently committed in Paris, nor the foolish talk of small knots of Communist sympathisers among ourselves, will tempt the people and Government of this country to commit a breach of that law of political hospitality that has long been her boast. There must be no stretching of principles on this matter of the demanded extradition of Communal refugees—no thought of doing what may be deemed by some a great right by the perpetration of what they may call a little wrong. Our duty in the matter is clear. We are bound by treaty to give up to France persons guilty of certain specified crimes on production of evidence of guilt sufficient to justify a magistrate in committing for trial persons accused of perpetrating such crimes among ourselves. We must fulfil this treaty obligation; but we must go no further. Political offences are not included in the specified crimes. Mere participation in the Paris insurrection is a purely political offence; therefore no adherent of the Commune—nay, no member thereof—simply as such, must be surrendered by this country to the vengeance of Versailles. Men guilty of ordinary crimes—as, for example, murder, arson, and theft—come under a different category, and may be dealt with under the treaty of extradition; but the proof of personal guilt must be clear. No plea of general connivance can be admitted; there must be direct, positive evidence of personal participation by the accused in a specific deed. If this rule be not rigidly adhered to, the most honourable characteristic of Great Britain among nations will be falsified, and a wide door be opened for the admission, in the future, of gross oppression and the incurring of immeasurable national disgrace. We make these remarks in consequence of the demand addressed by M. Jules Favre to our own among other foreign Governments, and because it seems to us that Mr. Bruce's language, when questioned in the House of Commons last week, was of a halting, half-hearted, undecided character. No question of the course to be pursued ought to have arisen; and we cannot help thinking it somewhat of a disgrace that it should have been left to the sturdy little Republic of Switzerland to be the first to give forth a clear, distinct, and certain sound on the subject.

"THE FIRST STEP."

In our notice of the excellent collection of pictures by female artists exhibited in the gallery of the society in Conduit-street, we had occasion to refer to some of the charming little domestic pictures which were so prominent a feature. We are able this week to publish an Engraving from one of the most attractive of these—the work of Mrs. E. M. Ward. There is no need to enter into any explanation of its meaning; no need to expatiate upon all that it suggests. Homely, and full of a truly homelike appreciation, it is worth more than a dozen mere fanciful prettinesses; and there is a better beauty in the plain cap and the dark motherly dress, the kindly-intent face and the ready guiding hands, than in half the romantic incidents that are now too fashionable in painters' studios.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.—Last week the aggregate mortality in London and nineteen other large towns of the United Kingdom was at the rate of 25 deaths annually to every 1000 of the present population. While in Nottingham the rate was 17, in Sunderland it was as high as 24. In the metropolis 1926 births and 1401 deaths were registered, the former having been 241 below, and the latter 15 above the average. Zymotic diseases caused 426 deaths, including 267 from smallpox, 23 from measles, 28 from scarlet fever, 2 from diphtheria, 48 from whooping-cough, 28 from different forms of fever (of which 7 were certified as typhus, 8 as enteric or typhoid, and 8 as simple continued fever), and 12 from diarrhoea. To different forms of violence 42 deaths were referred, 4 persons having been killed by horses or vehicles in the streets. Attention is called by the Registrar General to Dr. Frankland's report upon the quality of the metropolitan water supply during the expiring month. In this we are told that water was delivered by the Lambeth Company containing fungoid growths and moving organisms; by the Chelsea and Southwark Companies slightly turbid, and containing moving organisms, some of which in the Southwark Company's water were visible to the naked eye. The samples drawn from the mains of the other companies were clear and transparent. The general quality of the Thames and Lea waters showed a marked deterioration, due doubtless to the recent heavy rains; the proportion of organic matter showed an average increase of 70 per cent upon the previous month. The New River water contained only half as much organic matter as the Thames waters. The Kent Company's water, drawn exclusively from deep chalk wells, alone maintained a high degree of purity as regards organic matter.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE BOAT INSTITUTION.—On Thursday a meeting of this institution was held at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Richard Lewis, Esq., the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, rewards amounting to £56 14s. were voted to the crews of some life boats of the institution for going out on service during the past month. The thanks of the institution were inscribed on vellum and £1 each were voted to Mr. George Dinsdale, of Blyth, the master of the screw-steamer *Bolivar*, and to Mr. Joseph Stevens, mate of the screw-steamer *Weardale*, of Sunderland, in acknowledgment of their courageous services in saving a man whose vessel (the smack *Nimrod*, of Sunderland) had during a strong wind stranded off Blyth. Other rewards were likewise granted to the crews of shore boats and others for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £750 were likewise ordered to be made on various life-boats at establishments. A contribution of £30 10s. 6d. was announced as having been received from Lieutenant G. R. Vyvyan, R.N.R., which he had zealously collected on board the Cape Royal mail steamer *Roman* on the occasion of her last outward and homeward voyages. Captain G. Bunbury, R.N., of Weston-super-Mare, had also collected £21 2s. 6d. from his friends and others in aid of the funds of the institution. The late J. J. Tancred, Esq., of Dublin, had left the institution a legacy of £1000 on condition that a life boat called the *Sarah Tancred* be placed at some station near Dublin. The late Mr. W. H. Dean, of Stratford, had also bequeathed to the institution £100; and the late Mrs. Eliza Watson, of Loughon, £100, duty free. It was decided to place a new life boat at Bridlington, to be named after the late Mr. John Abbott, of Halifax, who had left a munificent legacy to the institution. The society's instructions for the restoration of the apparently damaged and continued to be extensively circulated, and the Commissioners of Police had ordered 10,000 copies to be distributed amongst the metropolitan police. Reports were read from Captain J. R. Ward, R.N., the Inspector, and Captain D. Robertson, R.N., the assistant Inspector of life-boats, on their recent visits to different life-boat stations. The proceedings then terminated.

and to be condemned is to be executed. The nearest wall, the first available rifle, and there an end. And in the midst of all this, we are told, Paris is assuming its wonted aspect of gaiety! To watch the dead bodies of insurgents floating down the Seine, is one of the amusements of the day! To fête, and reward, and embrace, and flatter soldiers red with fraternal blood, is another! And to hunt suspected persons to death, is a third!—not a few of the hunters who now shout "Death! death!" in the name of Versailles, being probably the very parties who clamoured most loudly for the Commune, and most vehemently vituperated its opponents, only a few short weeks ago! Such are the Parisians—such the "capital of civilisation"—in this so called age of enlightenment! These are, perhaps, the most melancholy features of the situation. People gay in the midst of death, ruin, desolation! Thousands of *Neros* fiddling whilst Rome is burning! and only intermitting the amusement to gloat over the ghastly spectacles of dead and dying; of old men, and women, and children ruthlessly butchered; to hunt for fresh victims, and to hound on the executioners to the commission of further atrocities!

It is impossible to excuse or palliate—much less to justify—the incendiary and murders planned and perpetrated by the leaders of the Commune. The burning of the public buildings of Paris and the murder of its venerable Archbishop and his companions, are crimes which will stamp the name of the Commune with indelible disgrace, and brand those who perpetrated them with the everlasting hatred and scorn of mankind. But all were not guilty of these horrors; and no one should be punished till guilt has in regular and lawful form been brought home to him. Besides, the excesses of the Commune, whatever their degree, neither excuse, palliate, nor justify the butcheries that have followed. We can make reasonable allowance for the exasperation of the soldiery while the heat of combat was on them; but for butchery in cold blood there can be no excuse. And that wholesale executions in cold blood have taken place is testified by all the correspondence emanating from Paris. Here are some specimens recorded in one letter from the correspondent of the *Times*:—"The Marquis de Gallifet is escorting a column of prisoners to Versailles or Satory. He 'picks out eighty-two of them, and shoots them at the Arc de Triomphe.' Next come a lot of twenty firemen, then a dozen women, one aged seventy. On another spot the correspondent came upon 'eighty corpses piled upon each other, a mass of arms and legs and distorted faces, while the roads and gutters literally flowed with blood.' About 1000 are said to have thus suffered. By this wholesale and summary execution of prisoners in batches of fifty and one hundred, not only must the innocent perish with the guilty, but many must bear the penalty of imaginary guilt. Again, the *Daily News* correspondent telegraphs, on Wednesday:—"In Père-la-Chaise you may measure the dead not by numbers, but by the rod. They lie in a double tier on the grass, powdered over with a coating of lime. There are many women among them, and faces the ferocity of which makes one sick to look upon. In one place there was a hole dug knee deep, to hold the people while being shot. The blood is still in pools there." So that it seems clear (and, let us repeat, these are only specimens of many similar statements) that the Commune and its agents have been utterly outdone in life-taking by the Government and theirs; that whereas "disorder" slew its tens, "order" has immolated its thousands. No one will seek to screen the guilty; but guilt should be proved before punishment is inflicted.

M. Thiers, his colleagues, and the Assembly have for weeks past insisted that Paris was dominated by a mere "handful of ruffians," and that the bulk of the population detested the Revolution as heartily as did the party of "order" at Versailles. This never seemed probable to outside observers, and is rendered still less probable by the fact that up to the very last moment no appreciable body of the Parisians raised their voices—much less their hands—against the Commune and in favour of the Government. Not until the former was crushed and the latter palpably triumphant, were any demonstrations of attachment made to the vindicators of "order"; and their motive then is easily divined. But the deeds of the Government are at irreconcilable variance with their statements. There are said to be about 40,000 prisoners in their hands; 50,000 are stated to have perished in Paris since May 21; and at least 10,000 more must have been killed, wounded, or captured in the two months' fighting outside the city. We have thus a total of 100,000 insurgents and sympathisers with insurrection put out of the way since March 18. Can the description "a handful of ruffians" be applied to such a multitude? And, if not, is it not clear that M. Thiers has either grossly misstated the facts, or that he has already destroyed vastly more enemies of his Government than ever existed? In any case, it is surely unwise as well as cruel to continue the system of indiscriminating slaughter that has prevailed for over ten days in the French capital; it is surely time to abolish courts-martial, to reinstate the ordinary tribunals, to punish only when guilt is proved, and to avoid further engendering of a future heritage of political and social hatred and revenge by substituting a system of law and conciliation for military butchery.

It would be well, too, that M. Thiers should discontinue the system of flattering the army to which he has lately had recourse. A triumph over brethren, however misguided, is never a becoming theme for boasting; and to apply the term "invincible" to an army that has only recently sustained defeat upon defeat, and has but just come, as it were, from under the Caudine forks of captivity, is supremely ridi-

Energetic measures are to be taken against those who are unable to give satisfactory proofs of their identity.

GERMANY.

The triumphal entry of the Prussian Guards and deputations of all the regiments of the German army is fixed for June 16. On the 18th Divine service will be held in all churches, as thanksgiving for the conclusion of peace.

AMERICA.

The United States journals express satisfaction at the ratification of the Treaty of Washington by the Senate.

Public opinion in Canada, as expressed by the press, continues strongly against the concessions contained in the Washington Treaty; and very few newspapers give even a qualified approval to that document. It is rumoured that Sir John Macdonald, owing to the general opposition and objection of his colleagues to the treaty, will not press the Canadian Parliament for its ratification.

CENTRAL ASIA.

Intelligence from Cabul, dated May 23, reports that Herat has been taken by Yakoub Khan. The Commander-in-Chief has halted for Aslam Khan's force to arrive.

STREET SCENES IN PARIS DURING THE LATE STRUGGLE.

Paris, May 26.

The system of shell-firing adopted by the Versailles troops was calculated to do as little injury as possible to the houses, and they were very pleasant in their ways to the inhabitants of the loyal quarters, especially those who were well dressed. But instantly they found a National Guard, or anyone who was known to be of the Commune, they maltreated him. I have seen many persons taken prisoners, chiefly National Guards. They were taken away to be tried and to be shot, and it was a chance if they were not shot on the way. The people booed them, and tried to get near them to beat them with sticks. Then the prisoners would turn round mechanically when thus hit. This would create slight stoppage, and the soldiers who guarded them would prod them with bayonets, so as to urge them forward. I have seen some prisoners very badly served. They were in plain clothes, one an elderly man with white hair, the other much younger, about thirty-five. I had worked my way to the extreme end of the Rue St. Honoré to have a look at the barricade of the Palais Royal. Along the street the whole way from the Rue Castiglione there were columns of troops standing on their arms, munching the chocolate, smoking the penny cigars which the people distributed among them, and waiting to be called forward. At the end of it the Rue St. Honoré breaks forth into an open space which is confused with ends of houses, the last results of Haussmannisation, and with the beginnings of what would in London be called back slums. Into these slums about half a dozen soldiers entered in search of the adherents of the Commune. They came out with the two men I have mentioned—one old, the other nearly half his age. Whether from real feeling, or from a desire to ingratiate themselves with the soldiery, the people began to hoot at the prisoners and to strike them with canes. The prisoners, of course, turned round, and in all their helplessness showed signs of flight. The soldiers and the mob took them up against a shattered shop-window in the Rue St. Honoré, and battered them down with sticks and with the butt-end of their muskets. In fact, they beat them to death, after the style in which cruel boys smash frogs and toads to death. To make sure of their prey, they then fired several shots into them as they lay on the pavement; and then again—a superfluous joy—they kicked them and beat them after they were finished. It was a horrible sight. How the women trembled that saw it! I saw an exceedingly pretty woman of the shopkeeper class trembling violently, and with the tears in her eyes. I turned to her, and asked her if she knew who the victims were. She said, No; but the question seemed to frighten her all the more, and she almost fainted. I forbore to press for further information, and left her after having seen that she was taken care of; but you may imagine—what I imagined—that here was a young woman of delicate beauty witness of the murder of some one known to her—perhaps dear to her—in the face of day in the open street, and you will guess at the horrors of the situation, in knowing that such seizures and such Edinburgh justice were going on all day.

The soldiers were exasperated enough when they entered Paris, but they were all the more when they found that the Commune, forced to surrender their ground, had set fire to the town. I will state more in detail hereafter what ravages have been committed by the flames; but one can see at once that nothing can exceed the wickedness of the designs of the Commune. Paris shall not exist if Paris does not belong to the Commune—such is their hellish resolve; and they proceed to carry out their threat of destroying the capital which they could not retain. They set to work in three distinct ways. In the palaces and public offices which they commanded they disposed at regular intervals sometimes bottles, sometimes pots of petroleum. When the vessels of petroleum were arranged at proper distances, one of them would be overturned and ignited, the flames would rapidly spread, and the whole building would soon be past salvation. It was in this way that the Tuilleries, the Palais Royal, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palace of the Legion of Honour, and other celebrated public edifices were set in flames. This arrangement was all made in the Ministry of Marine, but the wretches engaged in the work of destruction had to fly before they could set fire to the pots of petroleum which they had planted in the most likely corridors. There was a second method adopted for the destruction of private houses. When it became necessary to retire from a particular barricade, the Guards tore to pieces the beds which formed part of the barricades, took the tow out of the beds, dipped it in petroleum, and loaded their guns with it. Then they fired the tow into the windows of the houses. It was in this way that the block of houses in the Rue Royale, facing the Madeleine, was set on fire. Still a third method: Men and women were going about Paris with bottles of petroleum in their pockets, or hid about their dresses. They threw these bottles down into the ground floors of every dwelling they could get at. If there was no room for the bottle to get through, the neck of the bottle could get into certain air-holes which belong to the construction of French houses; the liquid would be poured in, and a lighted match would be sent in after it. In this way very many private houses were set in flames; and many hundreds of women were taken in the act all day—some of them shot upon the spot. All day, too, the inhabitants, apprised of what was going on, were engaged in stopping up all the skylights, gratings, and air-holes which connected their ground floors with the pavements. Wherever you turned, in every street, you saw the inhabitants busy plastering, bricking, or shutting up with planks the two feet of their houses next to the pavement. Not only were women taken, but the firemen also, in great numbers, were arrested. The fact is that many adherents of the Commune entered the ranks of the firemen, partly to disguise themselves, and partly to spread the fire instead of extinguishing it.

The part which the women play in this business is remarkable. It was no idle boast of M. Alix when he proposed to create a Legion of Amazons of the Seine, ready to fight. The women of Paris have been taking a very active part in the operations. Some, with their muskets, mount the barricades and fire on the enemy with undoubted courage. Others go about as destroying fiends with bottles of petroleum. Others, again—at least, in the quarter of the Madeleine—get into talk with the soldiers, sit down to drink with them, and, it is said, poison their cups. Others, too, have been known to poniard the soldiers or any Versaillesist who may present a good chance.—*Special Correspondent of the "Daily News."*

THE STRUGGLE IN PARIS.

BARRICADE AND STREET FIGHTING.

Quartier Latin, Paris, May 26.

I QUESTION if it would have been possible to have selected a position better situated than mine was to take in the whole of the operations, the whole of the features of a battle of the streets. The theatre opposite backs the Rue Vaugirard, and the garden of the Luxembourg fronts the semicircular Place de l'Odéon, and looks upon three streets—viz., the Rue Racine, the Rue Casimir-Delavigne, and the Rue de l'Odéon. The terrace, the basement, and the twelve pillars which support the façade are in a direct line with the first street. Your readers will see at a glance that not only was it a natural barricade, but that it was also in a direct line of fire from the barricade at the bottom of the Rue Racine, some 250 yards distant. A battle from barricade to barricade is not very interesting; but this scene, which I witnessed from its beginning to its end, was of the most exciting character, and I was only ten yards from it all. A barricade battle is very uniform. A man advances to the front, takes aim, fires, and retreats, until his turn comes again, and so on *ad infinitum*. But here every pillar, every corner of the arcade running round the theatre, every projecting piece of masonry, was a cordon of vantage, which was instantly occupied by the troops, and afforded scope for individual manoeuvres. At 1.15 the troops received orders to commence firing, and they began with a will. For nearly three hours they kept up an incessant fusillade, which was vigorously replied to by the insurgents, who showered shot, shell, bullets, and mitraille by thousands upon the theatre. As I have remarked before, I was only ten yards away; but this was just so far from the direct line of fire, and therefore not a shell, not a bullet, touched the house in which I was ensconced. But the shells fell thickly upon the pillars and upon the roof of the theatre, and did serious, very serious damage to it and an unfortunate café which blocked the line of fire; the café consequently received every missile which failed to hit the theatre. But the insurgents aimed well. The pillars were splintered into a thousand pieces; the shells, though carefully aimed at them for the purpose of cutting them in two, and bringing down the roof, were not of sufficient calibre; one pillar, however, was almost entirely demolished. All this time the troops, chiefly young men, stuck to their position with great bravery; each handled his chassepot in a masterly manner, and delivered his fire with regularity and coolness. But the fighting at this rate might have lasted for a week; the officer in command therefore gave the order to glide into the houses of the Rue Racine, and so advance towards the barricade. This order was bravely executed; and then, in lieu of firing bullets which either struck the paving-stones of the barricades or the houses in the rear, the troops fired down upon the defenders of the barricade. After an hour's skirmishing the position was abandoned by the insurgents, and, with a rush and a cheer, the troops took possession and turned their arms against the barricade at the junction of the Rue Soufflot and the Boulevard St. Michel. During the whole of this time I did not notice more than half a dozen men fall. Two were killed on the spot, the others wounded.

As soon as this barricade was carried the clarions sounded, and the 70th Regiment of the Line marched into the streets, and spread themselves over the Place de l'Odéon and the garden of the Luxembourg. The insurgents then abandoned the first barricade leading to the Pantheon and massed themselves behind the second, and also upon every conceivable position in the Pantheon itself. The troops ascended the Palais du Luxembourg, and from the windows of these two magnificent buildings, face to face, a deadly fusillade commenced.

After three days' captivity we were once more free, the direct line of fire had left us, and we were among friends. Needless to say that all the inhabitants of the Place de l'Odéon swarmed out of doors and began to pick up souvenirs of our bombardment. The sight was a terrible one. Pools of blood where the dead were lying, and traces of it along the route by which the wounded had been carried away. Splinters of bombs and flattened bullets by thousands; windows and frames, doors and shutters, smashed to atoms; the heavy stonework splintered and carried away in every conceivable manner, not only in the Place de l'Odéon itself, but also down the whole of the Rue Racine. Of course, not a pane of glass remained whole.

About this time the 71st of the Line also arrived with heavy artillery, and extended themselves the whole length of the Rue Monsieur le Prince and the Rue de l'Odéon. They were all fine young fellows, as a rule, under twenty-five. They and the 70th and the Marines had carried the barricades at the Rue St. André des Arts, the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, the Rue de Buci, the Rue Dauphine, and the Rue Mazarine. From this *carrefour* the National Guards had fled precipitously, leaving their arms and ammunition behind them.

At half-past four the Marine Fusiliers took up a position behind the barricade of the Rue St. André des Arts, and kept up a vigorous fire upon the insurgents, who had fled to the barricade at the other end of this crooked, narrow street. They had a 12-pounder piece here, but evidently failed of ammunition, as it was not used against the Marines, who glided into the houses, mounted the roofs and the upper windows, and, with the aid of a 4-pounder, in half an hour they carried the position, planted their ragged tricolour, and extended themselves behind the abandoned barricade, which was close to the Fountain of St. Michel, in the Place St. André. Here they sustained and replied to a constant fusillade from the neighbourhood of the Palais de Justice. From this point I noticed that all the houses were on fire between the Pont Neuf and the Chapel of Louis IX.

About this time the Place de l'Ecole de Médecine was occupied by the Line, and a skirmish ensued between them and the insurgents at the barricade barring the approach to the Boulevard St. Michel. The firing was excessively heavy, and continued until the insurgents abandoned the position alluded to just now, near the Fountain of St. Michel. The abandonment of the one, of course, necessitated that of the other, and, as the 19th Regiment appeared on the scene, the whole of the troops fled towards the Boulevard St. Michel. At half-past five p.m. the drapeau rouge was hoisted from the Pont Neuf, and the tricolour planted in its place.

The whole of the streets leading to the right bank of the Seine and the Boulevard St. Michel being now cleared of the insurgents, the commanders of the troops concentrated their attention upon the barricades of the Boulevard St. Germain and those leading to the Pantheon. At six p.m. a lively fusillade was exchanged between the corner of the Boulevard St. Michel and the former. The troops were ranged down the sides of the shops, towards the bridge, and each man in his turn took the corner, aimed and fired at the barricade, from which mitraille-shot and shell came with extreme rapidity, striking the corner shops and demolishing the unfortunate houses which blocked the fire in the Rue Haute-faule. Taking my route up the Boulevard St. Michel, I noticed that here, as everywhere else in the line of fire, the glass completely covered the pavements. Even shutters afforded no protection, glass nowhere resisted the concussion of the air. At the corner of this boulevard and the Rue de Médecine was a terrible sight. Stretched on the pavement, just at the corner where he had taken his aim, was a dead National Guard. He had been struck by the splinter of a shell on the right eye, which, with a portion of the skull, was carried away. The brain was exposed, and his black hair, torn from the scalp, but not detached, was lying a couple of feet behind him.

At half-past seven the Pantheon was carried, and the 46th Regiment of the Line descended into the Boulevard St. Michel by the Rue Soufflot—bread, bacon, and meat (trophies without doubt) stuck on their bayonets. This position was obstinately defended, but more obstinately attacked. On all sides it was strongly barricaded, and the dead attest most tragically to the fanaticism of the men of March 18. At the barricades of the Rue St. Jacques, Rue Paillet, and the Rue Soufflot the dead

lie thickly—frightfully knocked out of form. One Guard, who was killed by a bullet which had entered just under the right jaw, had fallen with his head right through the broken panel of the door of No. 176, Rue St. Jacques. His card of identity was peeping out of his pocket, so I took it out and examined it. His name was Hippolyte Drout, Department Aube, 5th Legion, 60th Battalion, 1st Company, No. 15, Rue Neuve St. Medard. Poor fellow! this will perhaps be the only record of his fate! Altogether I counted sixty-one dead National Guards lying around the Pantheon, and they were chiefly elderly men.

As I entered the precincts of the Pantheon along with the troops I was the witness of what I must call a horrible assassination, for it was done in cold blood. Among the prisoners taken were five men who foolishly, fanatically, cried "Vive la Commune!" Perhaps they sought death. I don't know. But they certainly received it instantly. A score of troops—mind you without any superior authority, their own will entirely—conducted four of the prisoners, elderly men, to the nearest wall, and just in the same manner as Generals Thomas and Lecomte were butchered two months ago, so were these miserable wretches butchered as the clocks chimed 9.30 p.m. on May 24. The fifth, a young man, was told to kneel down on the edge of the pavement. He did so, meekly and resignedly, and two bullets were instantly fired into his breast; his head dropped gently upon his bosom, and he slowly fell to the ground. Another bullet was then sent into his brain.—*Correspondent of Daily News.*

VICTOR HUGO ON THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM.

M. Victor Hugo has published the following letter in the *Indépendance Belge*:

"Sir,—I protest against the declaration of the Belgian Government relative to the vanquished of Paris. Whatever may be said or done, these vanquished are political men. I was not with them. I accept the principle of the Commune; I do not accept the men. I have protested against their acts. Their violence have made me indignant, as the violence of the opposite party would do now. The destruction of the column is an act of high treason towards the nation. The destruction of the Louvre would have been an act of high treason towards civilisation. But savage acts, being unconscious, are not criminal acts. Madness is a disease, and not a crime. Ignorance is not the crime of the ignorant. The destruction of the column has been for France a sad hour. The destruction of the Louvre would have been eternal mourning for all peoples. But the column will be raised again, and the Louvre is safe. Paris is retaken. The Assembly has vanquished the Commune. Who made the 18th of March? Who is guilty, the Assembly or the Commune? History will tell. The burning of Paris is a monstrous fact; but are there not two incendiaries? Let us wait in order to judge. I have never understood Billioray; and Rigault has astonished me unto indignation. But to shoot Billioray or Rigault is a crime. Those of the Commune, Johannard and La Cecilia, who shoot a child of fifteen years, are criminals. Those of the Assembly, who shoot Vallès, Bosquet, Parisel, Amouroux, Lefrançois, Brunet, and Dombrowski, are criminals. Here the crime is as much in the Assembly as in the Commune, and the crime is evident. First, to all civilised men the punishment of death is abominable; secondly, execution without judgment is infamous. The one is no longer justifiable; the other never has been. Judge first, then condemn, then execute. I might then blame, but not oburgate. You are within the law. If you kill without judgment, you assassinate. I return to the Belgian Government. It is wrong to refuse asylum. The law permits this refusal, the right forbids it. I who write these lines hold as a maxim, 'Pro jure contra legem.' Asylum is an old right. It is the sacred right of the unfortunate. In the Middle Ages the Church granted asylum even to parricides. As to me, I declare I offer this asylum, which the Belgian Government refuses. Where? In Belgium. I do that honour to Belgium. I offer asylum at Brussels. I offer it at No. 4, Place des Barricades (M. Hugo's residence at Brussels). Let a vanquished of Paris—let a member of the Commune, which Paris has but little elected, and which I have never approved—let one of these men, were he my personal enemy—especially if he is my personal enemy—knock at my door, I open. He is in my house. He is inviolable. Should I, perchance, be a foreigner in Belgium? I do not believe it. I feel myself the brother of all men, and the guest of all nations. At all events, a fugitive of the Commune with me will be a vanquished one with an outlaw; the vanquished of to-day with the outlaw of yesterday. Two venerable things, as I do not hesitate to say. One weakness protecting another. If a man be an outlaw, let him enter my house. I defy whomsoever it be to tear him from it. I speak here of political men. If a fugitive of the Commune be taken at my house, they shall take me. If he be given up, I shall follow him. I shall sit down with him on the bench of the accused. For the defence of the right, the man of the Republic, who has been proscribed by Bonaparte, shall be seen by the side of the man of the Commune, who is the vanquished of the Assembly of Versailles. I shall do my duty. Principles before everything! It may be taken for granted that England will not give up the refugees of the Commune. Why place Belgium below England? The glory of Belgium is to be an asylum. Let us not take that glory from her. By defending France I defend Belgium. The Belgian Government will be against me, but the Belgian people will be with me. At any rate, I shall have my conscience."

In the Belgian Senate, on Tuesday, Baron d'Anethan, in reply to a question, said the Government considered that Victor Hugo's recent letter to the *Indépendance Belge* was calculated to compromise the interests of the country, and that the writer had accordingly been requested to leave Belgium. As he refused to go, a decree had been signed by the King, in virtue of which M. Hugo would at once be expelled. In the Belgian Chamber, on Wednesday, a member proposed an order of the day expressing regret at the rigorous measure to which M. Victor Hugo had been subjected. It was rejected by eighty-one votes to five. M. Hugo has gone to Holland.

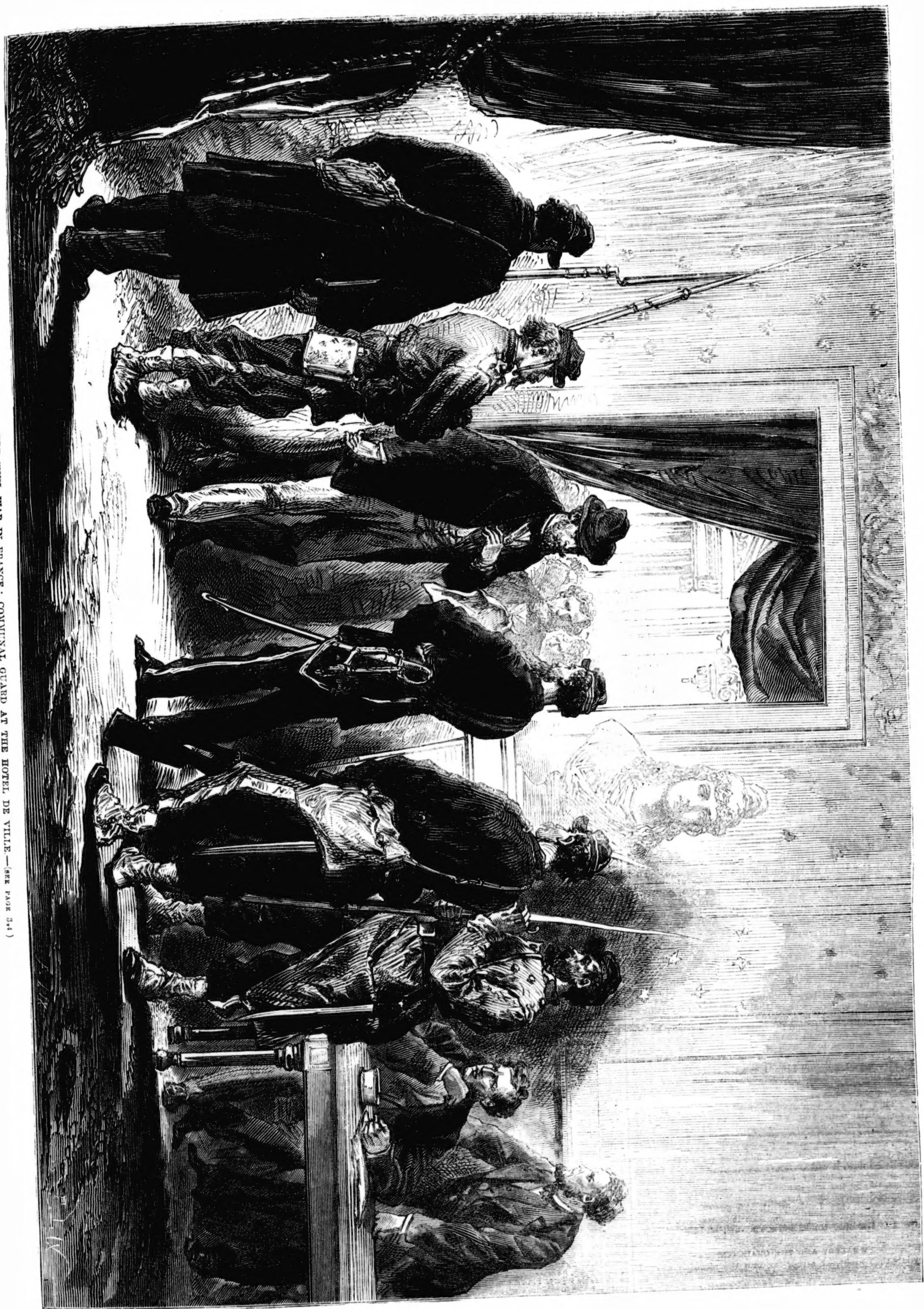
PAUPERS' FUNERALS.—The Bethnal-green board of guardians have had a curious subject under consideration; and, in order that they might fully understand it, it was resolved that a coffin that had been constructed for, and temporarily occupied by, a dead female pauper should be brought as evidence before the board. It was accordingly brought from the dead-house, on Tuesday night, to the board-room, and was then placed in a small office adjoining. Before viewing it, Mr. Wright, a guardian, made a statement, from which it appeared that the coffin in question was intended to be used for the purpose of burying Mrs. Evans, and that it was made of elm. In the bottom were two holes, 2½ in. long by 1½ in. broad. The elm was not planed, and it was unblackened outside and unpainted inside. The intended occupant of the coffin had died of dropsy, and Mr. Wright said that in these times of smallpox and other epidemics it was frightful to contemplate that diseases might be spread by corpses being placed in such boxes. The board then proceeded to view the coffin. The chairman (Mr. Collins) carefully examined it, and said, "It's a good bit of stuff." It was then mentioned that the contractor, Mr. Burgess, was bound by his contract to bury dead paupers at 4s. a corpse. His contract stated that he was for that sum to provide a coffin pitched inside, blacked outside, and that he was to have it conveyed to Colney Hatch, with not only a corpse in it, but a shroud, paid for out of the 4s. He was allowed 3s. extra if two mourners accompanied the corpse to Colney Hatch Cemetery. Formerly 19s. used to be paid for the burial of each pauper, but latterly the lower contract had been accepted. The chairman said that the board was to blame, for it was a disgrace to it to have accepted such a low contract. The Rev. Mr. Coke said that the rate-payers at large would be very grateful to Mr. Wright for bringing this subject before them, for there was nothing that the poor dreaded so much, and were so sensitive about, as the manner in which their relatives were likely to be buried. He had often felt disgusted when, while reading the burial service, he said, "Dust to dust," and then looked at the pauper's coffin. Mr. Ward said he had recently attended the funeral of a dead guardian and that he must say that the coffin that gentleman was buried in was not a bit better than the one they had now before them. Mr. Edwards said that in three recent instances the contractor had neglected to bring shrouds for the dead.



THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE : FIGHTING IN THE PLACE VENDOME.—(SEE PAGE 341)



PARIS MARKET WOMEN DEFENDING THEIR CURE FROM ARREST.—(SEE PAGE 350)



THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE: COMMUNAL GUARD AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE—(SEE PAGE 341)

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 404.

HOPEFUL SIGNS.

On Thursday, the 25th, the House got again into Committee upon the Army Regulation Bill early, and two amendments were disposed of before dinner—or, rather, before the members had dined, for the first division-bell rang whilst members were dining. About a hundred were in the dining-room when suddenly the bell sounded to summon all stragglers to join their ranks to vote upon an amendment proposed by Colonel Anson. What that amendment was is no matter to our readers. It was, they may be sure, some proposition to secure advantages, pecuniary or otherwise, to the military officers who hold purchased commissions, which the Government does not think proper to give; for a stout defender of the rights—or, say, claims—of these much-distressed and alarmed officers is Colonel Anson. Not before Sebastopol, nor at the siege of Delhi, did the gallant Colonel fight more resolutely than he has fought, and is fighting, against this dreaded bill. But, happily, he will get no wounds here, as he did in India, where he was twice wounded—except, indeed, mental or inward wounds. These, no doubt, he has received; at least it would seem so, for notably he is often very much irritated. But these wounds excite no pity, because we fancy they are but imaginary wounds; or if they be real inward wounds, they will be, if this bill should pass, speedily healed by that "parmaceti," so famed for the cure of inward wounds, which will come to him in shape of substantial compensation for his bought commission, or commutation for his half-pay, as his case may be. When the alarm-bells began to ring, the knives and forks were incontinently dropped, the wine at the lip was gulped down, all mouths were wiped, and up rose the diners en masse and hurried away to the House. It is a curious sight this of a troop of disturbed diners tramping along the corridor, and clamping as they tramp. This amendment proposed by the gallant Colonel was defeated by 19—only 19. The Government majorities seem to get "fine by degrees and beautifully less." Conservative cheers greeted the numbers, and no doubt the Conservative diners returned to their repast with increased relish. But our diners did not sit long, for before ten minutes elapsed the bells again rang to call them back to vote upon an amendment proposed by Sir George Jenkinson. How it was Sir George did not make a long speech we cannot tell. He is not wont to be short. On the contrary, he is mostly long-winded. Perhaps he had not dined, and wanted to dine. His amendment was rejected by 20.

ALL VANISH.

After this, Sir William Russell, a Liberal, interposed an amendment hostile to the Government. Sir William is Colonel in the 7th Hussars, and has seen much service in the Crimea and in India, and won medals and clasps and promotion and a C.B. for distinguished deeds. Two divisions, thus early, led us to hope that the faction had seen the errors of their ways, repented, and resolved to give up their masterly policy of obstruction and allow the clauses of the bill to be honestly discussed in a quiet and constitutional manner. But, alas! these hopes were soon blasted by a fierce and furious speech from Lord Elcho, in which he traversed the whole question again, and had to be called to order. His Lordship got so hot that his impassioned action was at times almost ludicrous. You see, this small majority for the Government had inspired him with hopes of success, of which he at one time must have despaired. Nineteen! Twenty! Why, we may soon have a victory and get rid of this hateful bill. Forward! then, brother conspirators! Order! In such a cause, throw order to the winds! And, in truth, order was thrown to the winds. The rule of the House when it is in Committee upon a bill is that the discussion ought to be confined strictly to the clause then before the Committee. But Lord Elcho wandered away from the clause, and, as we have said, traversed the whole question; and this bad example was imitated by most of the speakers who followed. More than once Mr. Dodson tried to restrain them—to hold them in hand; but with no success. Most of them took the bit in their teeth, kicked over the traces, and careered along as regardless of order as if, by malice prepense and of aforethought, they had conspired to make Parliamentary government ridiculous and impossible. And here let us pause to say this rebellion against order has been common of late, and, we fear, is a growing evil; and even more common is that straining of the rules of the House to obstruct the progress of business. This is, if possible, a more serious and dangerous evil. A bold, resolute Speaker or Chairman of Committee can, except on rare occasions, keep the House in order. But no Speaker or Chairman, however nervous (using this word in its original meaning—prompt and resolute), can defeat the machinations of a faction determined to strain the rules of the House to obstruct business. Prince Albert once said, "Parliamentary institutions are on their trial;" and was severely censured by the press for the saying. And, perhaps, then it was uncalled for; but of late years, and especially this Session, we have had sorrowfully to fear that our Parliamentary institution is passing through a severe ordeal. "How is the Queen's government to be carried on?" asked the Duke of Wellington, many years ago. That question was thought to be, at the time, something absurd; and certainly since then the Queen's government has been carried on with reasonable success. But this year we have had signs of a time coming when the question will be quite pertinent, and will have to be seriously considered.

DIMINISHING MAJORITIES.

Sir William Russell's amendment was defeated only by 16. Loud and long-continued cheering greeted the announcement of these numbers—154 Ayes against 170 Nones! And no wonder, for this small minority is very startling. Mr. Gladstone has, nominally, a majority of over 100—somewhere about 120. How is it, then, that he cannot command larger numbers? Lord Elcho says that these diminishing majorities show that the House is "getting to understand the question;" and, doubtless, he is right. The Liberal party is "getting to understand the question," my Lord; but in quite another way than you imagine. The Liberals never liked this bill; they, almost to a man, wish to have Army purchase abolished—but not at such a cost. They never liked the proposal to give over-regulation prices; and the more they come to understand the matter and reflect upon it, the more they dislike the proposal. Only a few of them vote with the Conservatives; but they will not come up to vote at all. That is the explanation, my Lord; as, if you throw out this bill, you will have to discover. Lay not the flattering unction to your soul that your eloquence and reasoning have converted them. Quite the contrary, rest assured. They are looking into the future. They know that Army purchase is doomed, and they reflect that, if it be not abolished now, it will certainly be abolished some future day, without compensation for these illegal over-regulation prices. Yes, readers, this is the true explanation of these small and ever diminishing majorities. And here is a peep into the inner life of the House, which his Lordship, though on the spot, cannot get. He that looks on the game sees it better than he who plays it. His Lordship thinks he is winning; and this game he may win; but ultimately he will discover that he won a loss.

WHALLEY AND THE CHAIRMAN.

Very late that night, or rather far into the morning, a small incident occurred which, though amusing, was not reported in the papers. The reporters shut up at one or half-past. It was past two, nearly three, when this episode occurred. Mr. William Johnston, of Belfast, when his Presbyterian Church (Ireland) Bill was called, moved that Mr. Speaker do leave the chair. This bill, it seems, is a mere formal measure. But Mr. Whalley, hearing the word church, rose and opposed the motion; whereupon Mr. Johnston jokingly assured the honourable member that there was nothing about Jesuits in the bill, and then we had this small drama performed. Mr. Whalley: "Sir, the honourable member's remark is impertinent." The Chairman: "The honourable member has used a word not allowable in Parlia-

mentary discussion, and must withdraw it." Mr. Whalley: "What am I to withdraw?" Chairman: "You used the word 'impertinent.'" Mr. Whalley: "Well, Sir, I will not withdraw the word. The remark of the honourable member for Belfast is impertinent—that is, not pertinent to the question before us, not relevant" (Loud laughter). Chairman: "After that explanation, I will not call upon the honourable member to withdraw the word" (Further laughter). Curtain drops—Mr. Whalley triumphant; for the true meaning of "impertinent" is "not pertinent," though doubtless Mr. Whalley's explanation was an afterthought.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MAY 26.
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The bill for the protection of life and property in Westmeath and adjacent districts was passed through Committee, as was also the Gasworks Clauses Act (1847) Amendment Bill; and the India (Local Legislation) Bill and the Presbyterian Church (Ireland) Bill were read the third time and passed. There was a little talk upon the Report of Supply; Mr. Bruce withdrew the Metropolis Water Bill, in order to introduce a measure dealing only with the constant supply.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The House reassembled after the Whitsuntide holidays. Mr. Gladstone, however, was absent in consequence of illness.

Mr. BOURKE gave notice that he would, next day, ask the Prime Minister whether the Government had received any communications from the Government of France with regard to extradition; and, if so, what was their nature, and what reply had been made to them?

Several measures amongst the orders of the day were postponed.

CIVIL SERVICE ESTIMATES.

On the motion for going into Committee of Supply on the Civil Service Estimates,

Mr. DENISON called the attention of the House to the alienation of Crown lands in the case of Hamilton-gardens and other instances; and moved that the opening of a new thoroughfare through Hamilton-place northwards into Park-lane affords a convenient opportunity for reviewing the circumstances under which an integral portion of Hyde Park, known as Hamilton-gardens, became diverted from public to private uses, under the reign of a former Sovereign; and that an humble and dutiful address be presented to her Majesty praying that she will be graciously pleased to direct the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to restore Hamilton-gardens to the park and to the unrestricted enjoyment of all classes of her subjects.

Mr. AYNTON said he was not aware that there had been any expression of opinion on the part of the inhabitants of the metropolis generally that great inconvenience or annoyance had resulted from the state of things which the hon. member wished to disturb.

After some further discussion, the amendment was rejected, and the House went into Committee of Supply.

FINE ARTS.

OLD BOND-STREET GALLERY.

The Summer Exhibition of pictures which we announced a fortnight ago has now been opened at this gallery, and the committee has some reason to congratulate itself on having secured several admirable paintings by eminent artists as well as a number of excellent works by those who, already recognised in the higher walks of the profession, are making progress towards the more assured position which they will ere long occupy. While such pictures as Mr. Whittle's "Summer Showers" (5) may be said to represent much of the attractive landscape in these rooms, there are a number of very charming small genre subjects, and some works of fine quality like Mr. Thorpe's "Ploughing in Kent" (18); Mr. G. F. Chester's admirable rendering of Wordsworth's Cottage Maid in "We are Seven;" the "View of the Tamar," with the old worn-out hulk of a stately line-of-battle-ship, by Mr. H. T. Dawson, jun.; and Mr. Jules Ruyart's excellent painting entitled "Morning," in which the drawing of the peasant girl leaning against the bank is as good as anything in the gallery, while the expression of her face, on which a half-remonstrant smile flickers, is simply perfect.

Among the genre pictures we must mention two admirable works. One, called "Sweeties," by Mr. John Morgan, representing an elder sister, who has been out marketing, just entering a cottage door, while two tiny marauders are already busy at the paper of "goodies" which she gleefully holds out to them. The other, by the same artist, is called "Reading Made Easy," and represents a poor mother with her infants round her, as she holds out to them a broad sheet of pictures, with the name of each picture written beneath it in words of one syllable. The life and expression of both these paintings are so striking as to give them a permanent place among many other works of great excellence. "A Fresh Day," which is the title of a capital bit of sea by Mr. Alfred Montague, and a thoroughly artistic piece of realism by Mr. John O'Connor, called "Paul's Wharf," and representing a nook of London known to most City wayfarers, are both near the end of the first room.

Mr. Charles Jones's cattle and sheep hold a place in the gallery, and Mr. Edwin Douglas has sent a capital dog picture, an example followed by Mr. W. Weekes, whose "Challenge to Mortal Combat" has in it more than a touch of his well-known humour. Mr. W. M. Wyllie, too, sends some capital work, particularly his "Swesse de l'Eglise," which is at once a good bit of colour and a successful attempt to get fun out of a figure not necessarily comic. Miss Thorneycroft, Mr. F. Sidney Muschamp, and Mr. C. S. Liddell are among the exhibitors; and further on we come to works of Mr. W. E. Frost, R.A., Mr. W. Maw Egley, Mr. Jerry Barrett, and Mr. George Smith. The President of the Royal Academy is also represented by a large picture in the first room, so that the first summer exhibition of this little gallery begins well and holds out good promise for the future. Of the water-colour drawings, many of which are of very great excellence, we have not space now to speak; but we may mention that Mr. H. Bright is still loyal to this section, and, though he does not send one of his wonderful pictures of monkeys, or of frogs and rats, like that in the Royal Academy Exhibition, gives us a wonderful study of a number of green paroquets, "Just Imported," full of exquisite colour, minute finish, and wonderful character; the inimitable humour of the artist being preserved (though not at the expense of nature) in his quick perception of the attitudes, expressions, and rather grotesque suggestions of these grave but gaudy birds, one of whom, in the act of endeavouring to catch a fly, is actually laughable in his almost screaming asperity of temper.

PROSPECTS OF THE FRUIT CROP.—Fruit of all kinds in 1870 was most abundant; there was not a failing crop of any kind; therefore a heavy yield this year was not anticipated. Contrary, however, to expectation, with some exceptions, there is at present, even in the northern and midland counties, every probability of average crops being harvested, a circumstance doubtless to be attributed to the clean state in which last season left the trees, and to the perfection in which the wood in which last season left the fruit of all kinds promises in the counties just named to be fully up to the average. Peaches and nectarines have set abundantly, and, if not already done, must be thinned without delay. The same may also be said of apricots, though last year the crop was an extraordinarily heavy one. Overbearing must, however, be prevented this season, or the tree may sustain considerable injury. Plums, too, which were enormously plentiful last year, again promise to produce average crops. Cherries, likewise, have been very full of bloom, and have set well. Pears will probably be an average crop, though on some old trees that bore heavily last year they are light. Young, vigorous trees, however, not over-crowded with spurs, are producing good crops. Apple crops, especially in some parts of Yorkshire, seem as if they would be below the average; old trees that were heavily laden last year have little or no fruit on them this; young trees have been full of bloom, which has set well, as has also that on other trees not overburdened with fruit last season; but, on the whole, there is only a moderate sprinkling of fruit. Bush fruit promises to be abundant, though gooseberries suffered considerably in some places from the sharp frosts which occurred on April 7, 8, 9. The strawberry crop looks as if it would be light.—Chamber of Agriculture Journal.

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THE INFLUENCE OF EXPERTS.

We have repeatedly prophesied that this topic would before long come to the front, and it is pretty certain to do so in connection with the patent laws before long. When, however, it is once broached, the difficulties that surround it will be seen to branch out in various directions.

With expert evidence, and its risks, all the world has long been familiar in one particular way—the evidence of medical men called as witnesses before judicial tribunals. Nobody can have followed such evidence with minute attention without sometimes concluding that it has led to injustice. This is particularly apparent in the evidence in lunacy cases, and not quite obscure in trials for poisoning. Chemical analysts, again, are a class of witnesses who are very difficult to deal with, as everybody knows who has listened to the progress of a Water Bill, or a Gas Bill, through Parliament. It is, indeed, before Parliamentary Committees that the risks of expert evidence may be seen in full development. Committees are not tied down by strict legal rules of evidence, and they both give and take much licence—hence a class of engineers and chemists who are known as "advocate-witnesses." These gentlemen make immense sums by attending and giving what is humorously called "evidence" for the side which pays them: that is to say, they make speeches in answer to questions, in which they bring all their special knowledge to bear upon the subject, for the purpose of making out that a particular water supply is bad or good, or a particular curve in a line dangerous or not dangerous, or a given scheme of sewerage excellent or the reverse for sanitary purposes. The examination of these witnesses is a mere game of skill, played out between themselves and the counsel, and often a very amusing one. Yet, though the evidence is given on oath, experienced members of Committees pay but slight attention to it, because they understand the "little game." We once heard a member of Parliament detail, with much humour, his first experience in these matters; and what he said amounted to this:—"I have now heard that particular engineer in the witnesses' chair year after year for eleven years, and I have come to know the value of this kind of evidence; but I was very much shocked at my first Committee. Poor old Mr. Blank, now dead, was in the chair. When the room was cleared, I happened to say, 'Well, that's strong evidence, at all events; how can we resist it?' Blank burst out laughing, and, slapping me on the shoulder, replied, 'You'll know better some day; you mustn't believe a word he said!'"

In cases where scientific questions arise—patent trials, in particular—the jury, and too often the Judge, are positively in the hands of the expert witnesses and the counsel. Men of high ability in these matters do not make the least attempt to conceal the truth. They avow it, and declare that it is a most serious public scandal. The remedy is that the Judge should have the power of calling in experts to act as assessors of the Court. We have lately seen it proposed that the contending parties should not be allowed to call expert witnesses themselves; but this would be a clear violation of justice. Let them call what evidence they think fit, in order to present their own view to the Court, but let the Court be fortified and protected against misrepresentation by its own experts, called in not to take sides, but to assist justice.

Even this would only get rid of one portion of a growing evil. Almost any statement made by a "man of science" is allowed to influence the public mind instantly and without inquiry. And this with but very little regard to the point whether the statement may not contain matter of opinion as well as matter of fact. We all narrowly escaped being called upon to return in the last Census certain facts about marriages between cousins—and this was just because Sir J. Lubbock and Dr. Playfair, "men of science," thought "science" ought to get at certain facts in that way. Now, there could be no question of the desirableness of possessing the knowledge sought; and scientific men were the best judges of the desirableness; but the way of getting it was an open question, on which Dr. Lyon Playfair's opinion was of no more value than that of Nokes or Styles. Fortunately, "science" was overruled in this particular case; but the instance will serve for an illustration of the manner in which issues are confounded in the claims of experts. Nobody can even guess how enormous and insidious are the encroachments at which they aim unless he reads class publications, such as the *Lancet*; and it will be some time yet before the mischief remedies itself.

A SHOCKING MATRICIDE has taken place at Garstang. At the inquest, on Wednesday, the daughter of the murdered woman deposed that her brother entered the room in which his mother was lying ill, and deliberately killed her by two tremendous cuts on the head. A verdict of wilful murder was returned, and the murderer committed for trial.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, with their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, is expected to leave Balmoral on or about June 19 for Windsor Castle. A few days after her Majesty's return to the south she will give a public breakfast in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, for which festivity a handsome and commodious marquee has been constructed.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH has returned from Balmoral, and gone to Plymouth to join his ship in order to be present at the "paying off."

PRINCE ARTHUR has consented to become the honorary Colonel of the 25th Middlesex (London Irish) Rifle Volunteers, commanded by the Marquis of Douglas.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, who had for some days been confined to Fegmore House by congestion of the lungs, is now convalescent.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge have signified their intention to be present at the fifty-sixth anniversary dinner of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, on Wednesday, June 28, when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will take the chair.

THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR OF RUSSIA AND SUITE arrived at Dover, last Saturday afternoon, from Ostend, and left for London after a short stay.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS is gazetted a Baroness of the United Kingdom, under the title of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of Highgate and Brookfield, in the county of Middlesex.

M. MICHELET is suffering from cerebral congestion. He is now residing at a villa near Florence.

THE REV JOHN BURELL, M.A., minister of Dunino, has been presented by the Crown to the Professorship of Hebrew and Oriental languages in the University of St. Andrews.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD, on Wednesday, decided that the £42,000 for which they had issued a precept ought to be paid up at once, and a motion to that effect will come on at the next meeting.

AGNES NORMAN, the servant-girl charged with several murders of children in houses where she had been in service, was finally brought up, on Wednesday, at Lambeth, and committed to trial.

THE EAST LONDON TRAMWAY COMPANY have commenced running workmen's cars at reduced fares from Stratford to the City, at five o'clock in the morning, giving equal facilities for the return journey in the evening.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT has decided to send a representative to the International Telegraph Conference in Florence, with the view of arranging for subjecting the English Telegraph lines and the Anglo-American cable to the Telegraph Treaty of Vienna.

MR. REED, C.B., late Chief Constructor of her Majesty's Navy, left St. Petersburg, last Saturday, for the Black Sea, where he will visit Sebastopol and other places of importance belonging to Russia. He will then proceed to Constantinople, and will return home by Vienna. He is expected in England in about a couple of months.

ALDERMAN SIR JOSEPH CAUSTON died last Saturday. He was only in his fifty-sixth year.

FATHER HYACINTHE has asked the Pope for an audience, and has been refused.

SIR MINTO FARQUHAR, Bart., who was adjudicated a bankrupt in November last, passed his public examination on Tuesday.

BY THE DEATH OF MR. MEYNELL-INGRAM, the Conservative member for West Staffordshire, a vacancy in the representation of that division of the county has occurred.

WHITSUNTIME HOLIDAY KEEPERS were favoured on Monday with glorious weather, and all outdoor places of amusement and conveyance by road, river, and rail were densely crowded.

AN ALARMING FIRE broke out at a hay and straw wharf just below Waterloo Bridge on Tuesday afternoon. A great deal of property was destroyed.

THE EIGHTH METROPOLITAN HORSE SHOW opened, last Saturday, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. There were more than 400 entries, and amongst the competitors was the Prince of Wales.

A PEOPLE'S GARDEN, near Willesden Junction, was opened last Saturday. The idea has been promoted by a limited-liability company, with the object of securing recreation-grounds affording to the shareholders "healthy and rational amusement of an elevating character."

SUNDAY LAST was the first occasion on which the Jews were legally relieved from observing the day as one of rest; Sir D. Salomons's Act having received the Royal assent on Thursday week.

THE SHOW OF THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL Association opened, on Monday, in the charming park of Sir Henry Edward Austen, at Shalford, near Guildford.

NINE SUMMONSES UNDER THE SUNDAY-TRADING ACT OF CHARLES II. were disposed of, last Saturday, at the Westminster Police Court. In two cases the charges were dismissed, and the society which instituted these prosecutions was ordered to pay the costs.

A LAD NAMED GOSNEY, sixteen years of age, was, last Saturday, charged at Guildhall with having committed a violent assault upon Dr. Thomas de Meschin, in the Temple. Sufficient evidence was taken to justify a remand.

M. AUGUSTE BONHEUR, brother of Rosa Bonheur, who was reported to have been taken prisoner by the Government troops, being found fighting with the Communists, has taken no part in the insurrection, and is quietly following his profession at his residence in Magny-les-Hameaux, near Chauxvau. A letter from him, dated May 25, has been received in London.

THE ANNUAL MOVABLE COMMITTEE OF THE MANCHESTER UNITY OF ODD FELLOWS commenced its sittings, at Bury St. Edmunds, on Monday. It was stated that 29,970 new members were initiated during last year, making the total 442,575. The income was £247,072, and the expenditure £296,221; which left a balance of £150,851. With this balance added, the capital of the union amounts to £23,042,439.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS held its annual meeting, at St. James's Hall, on Saturday—Lord Harrowby in the chair. The report, which was of an interesting character, stated that 1417 persons were last year successfully prosecuted in England and Wales. An auxiliary ladies' committee has been formed for the promotion of humane education.

THE HOP-BIKE IN KENT does not present a very promising appearance at present. The weak bike is infested with flies, and the strong bike with flies, which is on the increase. The late severe storms have done a little good, if only in the way of destroying the insects. The time is about three parts of the way up the poles, and in one or two places has quite reached the top.

ALFRED JOHNSON, a young man, is in charge at Hanley for having murdered his stepmother, Lydia Johnson. The prisoner was courting a respectable young girl, and late on Monday night there was a quarrel between him and the girl, the result being a struggle and the death of the stepmother.

A FATAL ACCIDENT TO A SONNAMBULIST occurred, at North Shields, on Sunday morning. William Grandage, foreman of an iron shipbuilding-yard, got out of bed while in his sleep, walked to the bedroom window, opened it, stepped out, and fell into the street, a depth of about 40 ft. He was picked up dead.

THE TREASURY RECEIPTS during the first eight weeks of the financial year were £9,712,312—an increase of £441,881 upon the returns in the corresponding period of last year. The expenditure had amounted to £11,536,849. The balance in the Bank of England on Saturday last was £2,813,690, and in that of Ireland £1,045,525.

A GIRL NAMED BENCE, five years of age, has died of hydrophobia in Liverpool under peculiarly painful circumstances. It is stated that she had not been bitten, but the death of her little brother from the same disease occurred about three weeks ago, and the supposition is that the virus must have been communicated in some way to the girl through a wound in her foot.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY is reported from America. The shaft of Western Pitkin Colliery, in the Pennsylvania coal region, caught fire last Saturday, thirty-eight colliers being in the mine at the time. Water was pumped into the shaft and extinguished the fire. On Sunday morning thirty-seven colliers were brought out, eighteen of them dead. The others were alive, but suffering from asphyxia. One man remained in the mine.

POOK, who is charged with the murder near Eltham, was again brought up, on Tuesday, before the Greenwich magistrate. Miss Coveil, who was in Thomas's shop, in Deptford, when a hammer was sold to a young man, was for the first time confronted with the prisoner, and failed to identify him. The prisoner, who said he was not guilty, was committed for trial.

A PARLIAMENTARY RETURN just issued states that the total number of primary convictions under the game laws in England and Wales during the year 1870 was 10,600, the greater number of which, 9089, were for trespassing in the daytime in pursuit of game. For night-poaching and destroying game the convictions were 522. The total number of accused persons discharged was 2103. Fifty-nine persons proceeded against by indictment for being out armed, taking game, and assaulting gamekeepers, were convicted, and 36 acquitted.

THE LOUNGER.

In the Session of 1869 Mr. Christopher Sykes, the member for the East Riding of Yorkshire, brought in and carried a bill for the preservation of sea birds—sea gulls, geese, ducks, &c. Then in the Session of 1870 Mr. Lowe, our ingenious Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposed and carried a gun tax, in the shape of a licence to carry a gun. And now behold the effect! Last Monday I was rowed by two fishermen over the mouth of the Avon, which flows into the Solent just opposite the Needles. In this district there are vast numbers of cormorants, vulgarly called "Isle of Wight parsons"—because they are black, I suppose; or, as some slanderously say, because they are voracious. These birds used to be very wild, giving all human beings—especially human beings carrying guns—a wide berth. But they are now tame—tame, the boatmen said, as barn-door fowls. This, though, is probably an exaggeration. Seeing a flock of these birds settling on the land within two or three boats' lengths of us, and knowing well how wild they used to be, I asked one of the boatmen how this change in their habits had been brought about. "How is it," said I, "that those cormorants are so tame now; they used to be wild enough?" "Oh!" he replied, "that is because of them Acts which they passed in London. They know we mustn't shoot them now." Just as he spoke the flock which we saw on the bank rose and flew over our boat within two or three oars' length, evidently without the least fear of us. I could not help suggesting to the boatmen that, "Surely they must have read the Act?" "No, they arn't done that, but sartainly they know we can't meddle with them." "Do they injure your fishing?" I asked. "I should think they do; I calculate that every day they take out of this water a hundredweight of fish, and if they are to be let alone they will soon have all." This is a curious result of amiable Mr. Sykes's bill, and one which, probably, he did not contemplate when he got it through the House. And here let me note that these birds are not eatable—are, in fact, as far as I could learn, utterly useless. Again, the fishermen have to pay a license to fish in these waters to the lord of the manor; and if any man be found fishing without a license he is arrested as a poacher. Surely, then, the licensed fisherman ought to have the liberty to destroy these unlicensed poachers upon his manor.

Having landed, I walked to Christchurch, about a mile off, and went into the famous church there. It is a magnificent old structure, more like a small cathedral than a parish church; but I have no intention to describe it. Here, however, is a little fact not generally known. In the aisle of this church there is a pretentious marble monument to Shelley, the poet, and Mary Wollstonecraft, his second wife. Remembering how earnestly Shelley, and his wife too, protested against ecclesiasticism of all kinds, and against the religion which is taught in and symbolised by churches, I was quite startled when I saw this monument. But the thing became intelligible when I learned that the great man of the neighbourhood is Sir Percy Florence Shelley, son of the poet and his second wife. Sir Percy lives at Balcombe Lodge, in the parish of Christchurch, and is, I fancy, lord of the manor. The poet was not buried here. He, as all the world knows, was drowned at sea. His body, which was thrown on the Tuscan shore, was burnt, and the ashes thereof carried to Rome and deposited in the Protestant burial-ground there. The monument is near the grave of Keats, under one of the aisles of the nave, near the western door, and happily quite out of the sight of the parson when he officiates and the congregation when they worship—though, for that matter, it is probable that the clergyman knows but little, and the congregation nothing, about Shelley's works or history.

From Christchurch I went on to Bournemouth. Here I found a cloud of clergymen come to assist in, or to sanction by their presence, the dedication or consecration of a beautiful new set of eight bells. This ceremonial had, you may be sure, no attraction for me. I repaired to the seashore, and sat myself there under a glorious blue sky, with a sea before me as blue. But whilst I sat there, the dedication or consecration over, the bells, which had hitherto been dumb—couldn't be allowed, you know, to speak until they had been consecrated—broke forth into a glorious peal; and such music from bells I think I never heard before. Two sets of trained scientific ringers had come from London, and wondrous was their ringing. One of them, whom I afterwards met, told me that they rang 500 changes in eighteen minutes, and that on eight bells 40,320 changes can be rung.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.
THE MAGAZINES, ETC.

The *Cornhill* contains much good matter, including a highly-interesting paper, by Mr. Herman Merivale, on "The Last Phase in the Junius Controversy." The conclusion, based finally upon the "expert" labours of M. Chabot and Mr. Twissleton, is that the handwriting of Junius and that of Francis are the same. The evidence appears to me to be complete. It then only remains to consider whether Francis might not have been an amanuensis. That question must be determined, of course, by "circumstantial evidence;" and Mr. Merivale's conclusion is that Francis was the man. The claims of the third Duke of Richmond are, however, examined—and rejected. Mr. Merivale had access to the private memoirs of Francis, and had every temptation to become a discoverer, if he could. But he adheres to the old theory that Francis was the man. The sketch of an "African Harem" is very amusing.

The *Dark Blue* holds on gallantly, and maintains the character I gave it at starting—namely, that of originality. It is like nothing but itself. Outsiders and youngsters in literature will not catch all my meaning; but the fact is, there is something about this periodical which bespeaks great moral courage on the editor's part. The papers have not got the "article" stamp on them. Both the running stories are good as stories, and there is a youngness of a kind that I like much about the editor's romance of "Lost." But surely the verse from "Wilhelm Meister," on page 263, is irrelevantly introduced. The "misery of actual want" is not its burden. The pictures are as good as ever, if not better.

London Society, I think, improved. One reason, perhaps, is that the matter is not so crowded as it used to be, and those little sketches are so very clever! There is in the present number a Red Indian presenting a young lady with a well-tressed scalp for a chignon. Mr. Yates's sketch of the opening day at the Royal Academy is really laughable; and "Down at Westminster," too, is very amusing.

In *Belgravia* Mr. Fitzgerald may be read with pleasure in the present instalment of his "Loves of Famous Men." Nobody cares a rap for George IV. or Mrs. Fitzherbert. Any bad or indifferent thing we may be told about either will not disturb our ideals, puzzle our judgments, or nauseate our moral taste. Besides, a writer like Mr. Fitzgerald, though unequal to criticising the moral difficulties that arise in the lives of men like Sterne, Burns, and Nelson, is on easy ground in dealing with George IV. The result is a striking illustration of what I have previously said about these papers. Bad as George IV. is, you actually carry away from this sketch a better opinion of him than you had before. He appears to have had something like a real attachment to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and to have thought of her to the last with something like tenderness. We are all extremely glad to hear it, and thank Mr. Fitzgerald for one pleasant sensation.

Messrs. Henry S. King and Co., of Cornhill, who succeeded to the East India agency and home and export bookselling business of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., have commenced publishing. The head of the new firm, Mr. Henry S. King, was for fifteen years a partner in the old firm, and has now resumed the business with which he was so long connected. Besides travels, art-criticism, theology, &c., the new firm have in the press a new novel, in two volumes, entitled "Half a Dozen Daughters," by J. Masterman, author of "A Fatal Error," and "Her Title of Honour," a novel by Holme Lee.

The May number of Mr. Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera* has reached me, by some accident, very late; but it will, assuredly, not suffer itself to be overlooked. It is accompanied by a beautiful photograph of a Hope, from Giotto.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Mr. Albery does not improve as he goes on. He has gained an extraordinary reputation by the success of one play; and in these days, when there is such a howl about unappreciated dramatic talent, ever in existence but never coming to the front, I should have thought it would have been worth while to take a little more pains. There is only one alternative. But I am disinclined to believe that "Two Roses" was a "fluke." The so-called comedy called "Tweedie's Rights," recently produced at the VAUDEVILLE, is a complicated half-ghost, half-dream play; coarsely written, smeared with absurd vulgarities, and only in one part well acted. The taste of most of the writing is atrocious; and it is sheer nonsense, after the offences of "Two Roses," the frequent snobbishness of "Two Thorns" (I mean the "my lording" which occurred every other second), and the coarseness of "Tweedie's Rights," to talk of Mr. Albery's promise as a comedy writer. An author who is destitute of "sweetness and light" should never write comedy; and I am sure some of Mr. Albery's dialogue would turn Mr. Matthew Arnold's hair grey and give Azamat Batus a fit, at the very least. Folk of ordinarily decent minds and refined thoughts are being driven further and further away from the theatre. Mr. T. W. Robertson, alas! is no more, and Mr. Albery shows a disposition to flirt with the very commonest of audiences. I go further and find Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who is the most thoroughbred horse in the stable, wasting his time over an adaptation of Dickens's "Great Expectations," which, however well done, must fail dismally at the Court when entrusted to young actors trained for light work. A bull in a china shop, a nightingale in St. Giles's, a boot on a wooden leg, or a *pâté de foie gras* for the dinner of a navvy, were never more out of place than Mr. Cowper and Mr. Belford as Magwitch and Orlick fighting to the death and yelling sufficiently to bring the roof off the theatre. Mr. Gilbert has been compelled to leave out all the fun of Wemmick, Pumblechook, Miss Havisham, and the rest, in order to commit no faults of construction. The result is a ghastly play, utterly unsuited to the theatre and the artists in it. These two unsatisfactory efforts at the Vaudeville and the Court are remarkable solely for the excellent acting of Mr. David James in the one and Mr. John Clayton in the other. I was delighted with both. As Tweedie, Mr. James has moved a great way forward in his profession, showing power and appreciation of a high order; while, as Jagers, Mr. Clayton gives the best scrap of character-acting I have seen for many a long day. He has studied the text and completely grasped the character. I shall be sorry if "Great Expectations" fails, because the Jagers are so thoroughly admirable. Little need be said for the rest. Miss Brennan makes nothing of Pip; and Mr. Righton, though funny and very industrious, is nothing like Joe Gargery. Miss Buton is always Miss Buton; and Miss Bishop, who is a very promising actress, had little or nothing to do. The farce by Mr. T. W. Robertson, also produced at the Court, may possibly be a good farce. It is impossible to say, until it is decently acted. It appears to be the fashion nowadays to introduce new actresses to the stage in preliminary farces, and anything more ridiculous than the attempt at acting made by the young ladies in Mr. Robertson's farce I have never seen. When I go to an amateur performance I know what to expect; but I do not look for the worst faults of bad amateurs at the Court.

"Shadows," the new melodrama produced for one afternoon at the PRINCESS'S, last week, is by Sir George Young. It is not free from faults, of course; but I really do hope it will be played again, or that Sir George will write again, or perhaps both. I must thank Mr. Hastings for his plucky efforts on behalf of the unacted. The drama is built upon old-fashioned lines; and I begin to think, after the capsizing of the new-fashioned Albery, that the old lines are best. The superb acting of Mr. Coghlan—one of the best young actors on the stage—and the able assistance of Mr. Hermann Vezin, of course did much for Sir George Young. It is a grievous shame that Mr. Coghlan's acting was seen by so few.

Mr. W. H. C. Nation will succeed Miss Hodson at the ROYALTY, and I hear of a new comedy there by Mr. Sketchley.

Mr. John S. Clarke has returned from America, and will shortly appear at his old quarters, the STRAND, where he is sadly wanted. The revived burlesques do not appear to have caused much excitement; and, for a wonder, there have been empty benches at this most popular of theatres.

IN A CONVOCATION to be held at Oxford on June 6 it will be proposed that the degree of D.C.L. be granted by diploma to Dr. Döllinger.

THE YELLOW FEVER AT BUENOS AYRES.—By the arrival of the West Indian mail-steamers we have advices from Buenos Ayres up to April 30, with some further details of the fearful ravages of the yellow fever at that city. The *Standard* of the 30th, which had stopped publishing for some weeks, in consequence of the death of the reporters and compositors, was republished on that day; and in the summary of news the editor says:—"During the past week we can note a great improvement in the look of things, and the mortality is a little over a hundred daily. We look around, and see many doors closed; we miss old friends, and the city looks as if the Hercules and Pompeii were being gradually re-peopled. Besides one eighth of our population that has perished, an equal number will certainly be lost to us by those who have left or are leaving the country, or else moving away from Buenos Ayres to another locality. It is impossible to give an accurate return of the deaths; but from all that has come under our knowledge, after a most careful study, not to exaggerate, we incline to put down the figures thus:—January, 200; February, 1000; March, 11,000; and April, 14,000; total: 26,200. Taking the order of nationalities, it would seem to be—Italian, 11,000; natives, 8000; Spaniards, 3500; French, 2200; English, 600; Germans, 300; various, 600; total, 26,200. When we consider that the loss of the German army in the last campaign is returned at 150,000 killed out of 1,500,000, we find that the plague in Buenos Ayres has caused much greater relative mortality—namely, 13 per cent. The immediate effects of the plague will be the diminution of our population by one fourth; the fall of house property by one third; the rapid building of suburbs and tramways; and great confusion for some time to business; and great profits to the provincial bank out of moneys unclaimed."

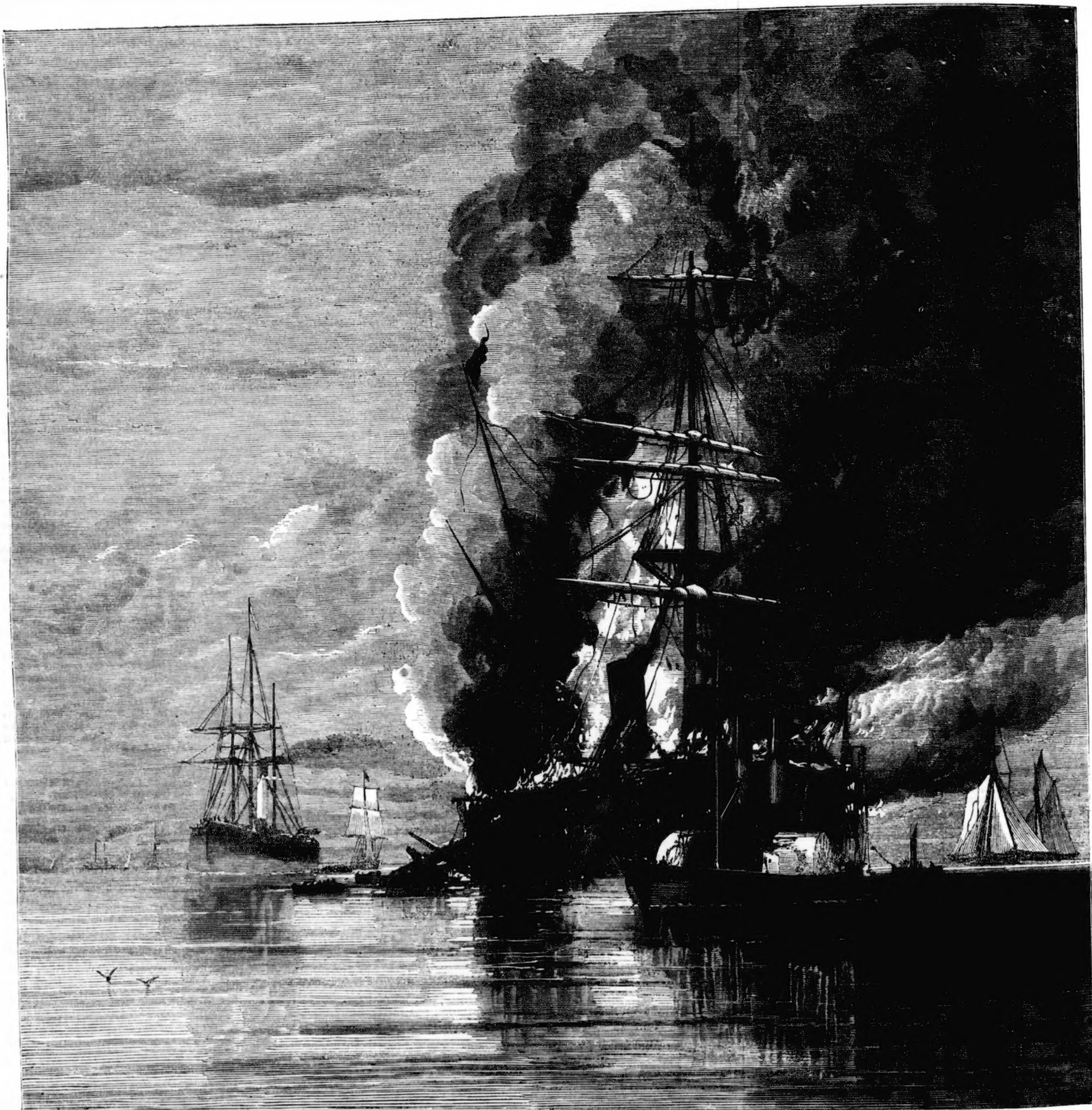
THE VACCINATION ACT.—The Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire into the operation of the Vaccination Act, in their report, express their belief that if, on the one hand, vaccination had not been general, the present smallpox epidemic might have become a pestilence as destructive as smallpox has often been where the population has been unprotected; and that, on the other hand, if this preventive had been universal the epidemic could not have approached its present extent. The Committee do not think it advisable, in cases where parents obstinately refuse to have their children vaccinated, to inflict repeated penalties. The public opinion of the neighbourhood may sympathise with a person thus prosecuted, and may in consequence be excited against the law. "In enactments of this nature," the Committee say, "when the State, in attempting to fulfil the duty, finds it necessary to disregard the wish of the parent, it is most important to secure the support of public opinion; and, as your Committee cannot recommend that a policeman should be empowered to take a baby from its mother to the vaccine station, a measure which could only be justified by an extreme necessity, they would recommend that, whenever in any case two penalties or one full penalty have been imposed upon a parent, the magistrate should no longer impose any further penalty in respect of the same child." The Committee recommend that the registration of vaccination should be simplified; that the vaccination officer should keep the vaccination register, and that the certificate under the Act should be sent to him, also that the registrar of the district should forward to him a monthly return of births and of infants that had died. The Committee also remark:—"A compulsory registration of births such as exists in Scotland and Ireland is needed, as the non-registered children are those most likely to escape the notice of the vaccinators. There also appear to be disadvantages in the present division of sanitary responsibility between the departments of the Government. The medical department of the Privy Council inspects the vaccination of every union, and advises the Poor Law Board in regard to the arrangements proposed by guardians, which arrangements are then approved or disapproved by the Poor Law Board. This division of duties cannot but tend to delay and to non efficiency, and though your Committee do not pretend to decide to which of these departments the duty of administering the law should be entrusted, they do not think such duty should be shared between two offices, and they believe that one and the same department should advise, inspect, approve, and control."

DESTRUCTION OF A LARGE STEAMER BY FIRE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

It was briefly mentioned in our last week's Number that a serious casualty occurred on Friday night, May 19, which resulted in the destruction of a large steamer and her valuable cargo, but happily was not attended by any loss of life. The *William III.*, an iron screw-steamer, of 3000 tons burden and 400-horse power, was built at Glasgow for the Netherlands Steam Navigation Company, and was launched a short time since. She left Nieuw Dieppe at noon on Thursday, May 18, with a general cargo, eighty passengers (comprising men, women, and children), about 125 soldiers and a few officers, and a crew consisting, with officers, of between eighty and ninety. She was commanded by Captain Oord, and was bound for Batavia. In addition to her cargo, she had on board a considerable quantity of specie and a mail. All went well until shortly before 10 p.m. on the 19th, the ship

being then some few miles off the "Owers," on the Sussex coast, when the cry of "Fire!" was raised. The passengers and that portion of the crew who had not retired to rest hurried on deck, many only partially clad, ready to render any assistance in their power. Smoke was issuing from a passenger's cabin on the starboard side of the ship, in which were three children, who were rescued by the chief mate and another officer. The smoke increased in density with alarming rapidity, rendering it impossible to remain between decks. The pumps were set to work, and a hose was introduced through an aperture made by breaking and the circular glass in the deck, by means of which the cabins are lighted. The efforts made, however, to check the fire were without effect; and when it became evident that the vessel was doomed, the captain gave orders for the passengers and crew to leave the ship and take to the life-boats, which had been lowered in readiness for use. Lights were shown for the purpose of obtaining assistance. The No. 2 pilot cutter *Mary*, John Coote,

master, and the No. 8 pilot cutter, *Greenham* master, were cruising on their station off the "Owers," and about eleven p.m. they descried lights, as of a ship in distress, about eight miles from the "Owers," and going to the westward. There was a light wind from the N.W., and it was a fine clear night. The *Mary*, on reaching the ship, found the passengers and crew in the boats, and she received on board 114 persons. A French schooner came up afterwards, followed by the *Scorpio*, screw-steamer, of London, W. J. Hall, master; and these received on board the remainder of the passengers and crew. The fire continued to spread to every part of the vessel, and during the morning the masts fell. The steam-tug *Cambria*, of London, came off to the ship and took her in tow, arriving at Spithead shortly before two p.m. She was grounded on Hamilton's bank, just outside Portsmouth Harbour, a short distance from the spot where the *Eastern Monarch* was burnt some few years since. Admiral Sir James Hope, G.C.B., the naval commander-in-chief, on being applied to by Mr. Vandenberg, the



BURNING OF THE DUTCH STEAM-SHIP WILLIAM III.

Dutch Consul at Portsmouth, sent some steam-tugs and water fire-engines out to the ship, from which dense volumes of smoke continued to rise during the afternoon and evening. When the fire was subdued, nothing but the shell of the ship remained. Efforts were made, under the direction of Mr. Vandenberg, to recover the specie, and this was effected. The passengers and crew, who have lost all save what they stood upright in, were conveyed to Portsmouth in the pilot cutter and the *Scorpio*. Lieutenant-General Viscount Templetown, K.C.B., commander-in-chief of the south district, with great consideration, provided accommodation for the soldiers in one of the barracks; and the crew were received at the Sailors' Home, Portsea, the superintendent (Mr. J. L. Thorne, R.N.) and the steward (Mr. Williams) having, upon a very brief notice, made provision for their reception and hospitable treatment.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE. FIGHTING IN THE PLACE VENDÔME.

The Place Vendôme has become doubly famous in the course of recent events in Paris; first from the destruction of the well-known column, and then from having been the scene of severe fighting

shortly after the entry of the Versailles troops into Paris. We need not, however, go into the details of the struggle here, as street and barricade fighting is fully described in another column, and much the same scenes occurred all over the city.

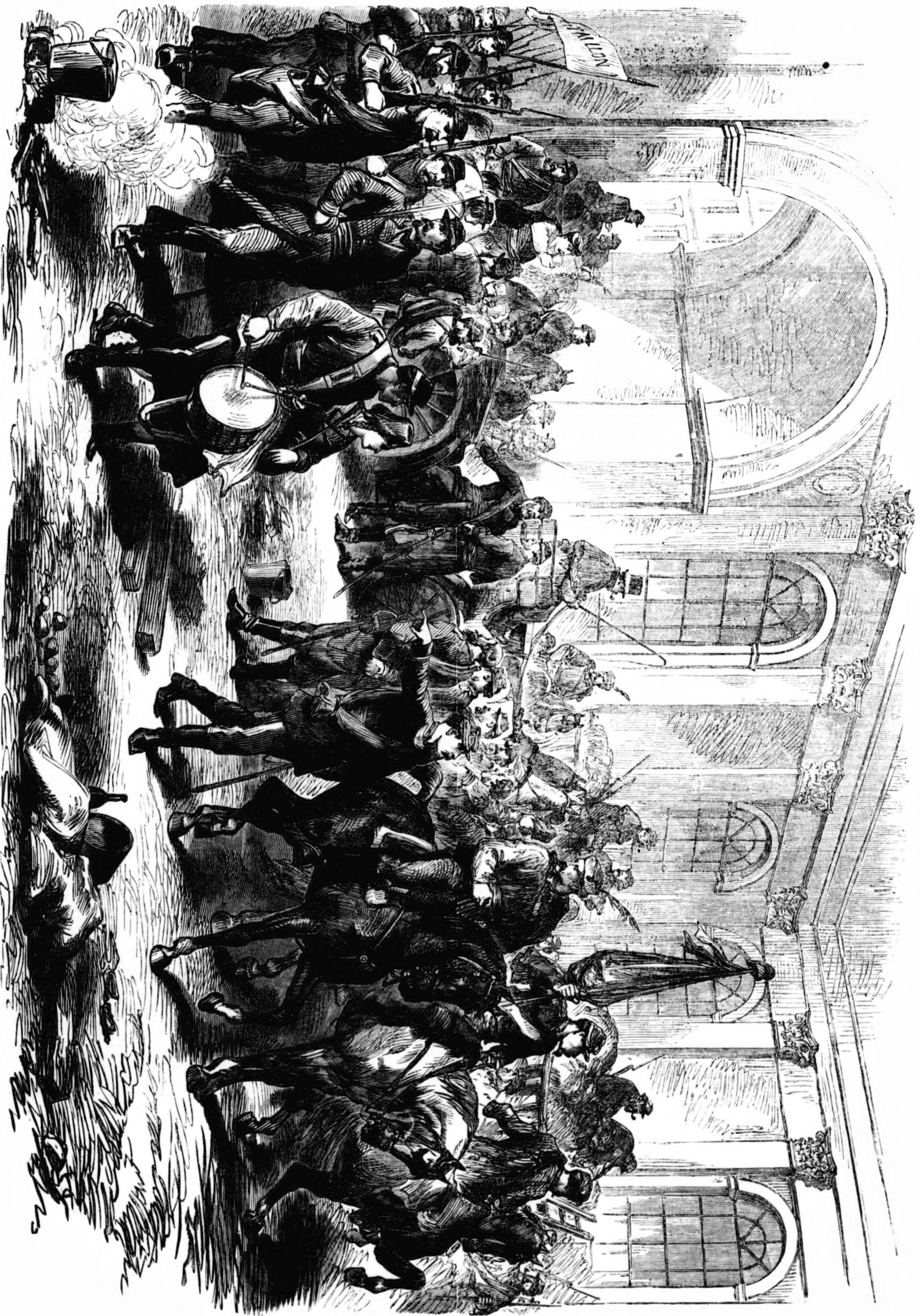
THE COMMUNE AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

Two of our Engravings this week portray scenes at the Hôtel de Ville. One of these shows the guard in one of the chief rooms receiving a member of the Commune—perhaps M. Delescluse, on his coming to assume the duties of Minister for War after the resignation and flight of Roesel, for it must be remembered that under the Commune all business was concentrated at the Hôtel de Ville. If so, it must be confessed that the arch-rebel—the man who is believed to have been the guiding-spirit of the Commune—makes his advent in a very unostentatious fashion, and that he has no such terrible look about him after all. He affected no military pomp, uniform, or parade. He dressed in plain clothes, and stepped into the difficult and arduous post as if it were a mere common-place affair. We may state that the body of M. Delescluse has been found in the streets and identified, he having been killed in the fighting that occurred, as, indeed, was likely, for he was in a dying state, and is said to have declared that a few days longer or shorter of life were of no consequence to him.

Our other Engraving (that on page 345) represents the last occasion on which the members of the Commune made any collective public display. This was when they—such of them, at least, as were left—sallied forth in a body, and with something of state pomp and parade, from the Hôtel de Ville, to encourage the defenders of the city when news of the entry of the Versailles troops reached head-quarters. They were never seen together again, in state or otherwise, and few of them are now left alive to either suffer for their deeds or defend their conduct. So far as is known, Felix Pyat and Paschal Grousset alone have escaped, and, it is believed, are concealed in Brussels.

FIGHTING OUTSIDE PARIS.

Our remaining Illustrations refer to events that occurred at a considerably earlier period, but serve to portray incidents in the advance of the Versailles troops upon Paris. On May 3 General Lacroix carried the Saquet Mill, killing 150 Federalists. The mill, which was very much exposed to the fire of the enemy, was afterwards evacuated; but 10 cannons and 300 prisoners were captured. This affair caused a great deal of excitement among the insurgents, and was in itself so important as being a serious check to them, that it is worth while to reproduce the official report, which is in these terms:—"On the night of May 3 the



THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE: MEMBERS OF THE COMITE LEAVING THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

redoubt of Moulin Saquet was guarded by detachments of the 55th and 120th battalions, when a detachment of the Versailles troops presented itself at the gate as a patrol, and was admitted to the fort after giving the countersign. It took the garrison by surprise, drove it from the redoubt, and immediately brought outside pieces of cannon with the horses in readiness. The result of an inquiry was that the commandant of the 55th battalion, M. Gallien, was accused either of having sold the watchword to the enemy, or at least of having divulged it in the Café Vitry. The redoubt was reoccupied almost directly by Commandant Guignon, at the head of the 3rd battalion, who proceeded with its re-arming. M. Gallien, the officer who sold (or divulged) the watchword, was subsequently tried and shot.

The incident depicted in our other Engraving referring to the fighting outside Paris took place on May 5. The scene was the Versailles railway, between Forts Vanves and Issy. The Versailles made an attack on a post of Federals designed to keep up communications between the garrisons in the forts, and were so far successful that they drove their opponents from the ground, and so cleared the line of railway. It appears, however, that they did not maintain the position, which was partly dominated by the forts, and was consequently untenable till the fall of Issy shortly afterwards.

THE LOUVRE AND THE TUILERIES.

A SHORT while ago the Vendôme Column was dragged to the ground. The Communal staff rode round the place, their drums struck up the "Marseillaise," a few frantic madmen threw up their caps, but the world, filled with indignation, comforted itself with the thought that the Commune was falling with the column. The outrage committed was, indeed, atrocious, but it was not irreparable. The bronzes of Austerlitz remained where they had fallen, and the Assembly decreed their speedy restoration to their former height. It was easy instantly to denounce the brutality and malignity of the desperate insurgents, easy instantly to resolve to rebuild the column. But deeds have now been done the infamy of which is so deep and appalling that the utter ruin of the perpetrators seems but poor consolation. The overthrown pillar becomes a little matter before Paris wrapped in smoke and fire, the Tuileries "entirely burnt," the Louvre partially destroyed.

The Louvre and the Tuileries are, as all the world knows, situated on the right bank of the Seine, between it and the Rue de Rivoli. The two piles of buildings were completed and harmonised under the second Empire. They occupy, with their inclosures, an area of nearly sixty acres, and may be said to form almost one single palace of supreme splendour and magnitude. The Louvre consists of an old and a new Louvre. The old Louvre forms nearly a square, 576 ft. long and 538 ft. wide, inclosing a quadrangle of about 400 ft. square, and containing a vast collection of sculptures, paintings, and other works of art. The eastern façade, looking towards the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, is a colonnade of twenty-eight coupled Corinthian columns, and is one of the finest works of architecture of any age or country. The new Louvre was inaugurated Aug. 17, 1857, and consists of two lateral piles of buildings projecting at right angles from the two parallel galleries which join the old Louvre to the Tuileries, and forming the eastern boundary of the Place du Carrousel. These present on the east side a frontage of nearly 300 ft. intersected by three grand pavilions, containing space for Government offices, the library, and exhibitions of fine arts. On the other side of the square are galleries set apart for periodical exhibitions of the works of living artists. The Louvre was originally a hunting-lodge, and was converted by Philippe Augustus into a feudal fortress about the year 1200. His successors, especially Henri II. and Catherine de Medici, added to it, and here, in 1572, Margaret de Valois was married to the King of Navarre. From one of the windows Charles IX. fired upon the Huguenots, and in one of the rooms Henri IV. lay in state after his assassination by Ravaillac. Louis XIV. brought Bernini from Italy to complete the palace, but it was a Frenchman, Claude Perrault, who built the east front and its glorious colonnade. Louis XIV. left the Louvre unfinished, a large part of it even standing unroofed down to the time of Napoleon I., who converted the palace into a national museum, into which he gathered both the art-treasures of France and all the spoils of his early victorious campaigns. At the Restoration most of these spoils were returned to the countries that owned them; but the treasures which remained and those which have since been added make the Louvre one of the first museums and galleries in the world. As regards numbers of works of art it is certainly the largest, and many persons have thought it on the whole the finest, though in Italian art it must yield to the Vatican and Florence; in Dutch, to the Hague, Amsterdam, and Antwerp; in Roman antiquities to the museums of the Capitol and Vatican at Rome, and to that of Naples; and in Greek sculpture to the British Museum. Under the late Emperor the whole collection was rearranged, excellent catalogues were published, and very great additions made in every department. The magnificent collections of Marquis Campana, of Rome, were purchased in 1861 for nearly £200,000, and form the most important portion of the Musée Napoleon III.

Whatever portions of the Louvre survive, the Tuileries, at all events, is but "a mass of smouldering ashes." A few days ago it was the principal state residence in Paris. The ground on which it stood was once a tile-yard, and was bought by Francis I. to please his mother, Louise de Savoie, who thought the air better than that of the Palais des Tournelles. Catherine de Medici, with Delorme for her architect, began the new edifice; Henri IV. built the large wing towards the quai, Louis XIV. the corresponding one on the side of the Rue de Rivoli, and Louis Philippe that part which is on the right of the centre. Until of late years the Tuileries was seldom used as a Royal residence. Neither Catherine de Medici nor her sons ever lived there; Henri IV. only as a visitor, Louis XIV. on occasions of banquets, Louis XV. as a minor, and Louis XVI. as a prisoner. Our readers are no doubt familiar with the part played by the Tuileries in the great Revolution, from the day of October, 1789, upon which the Assembly began to sit in the manège, or riding-school, to the day of October, 1795, the Day of the Sections, when Bonaparte delivered his whiff of grape-shot in defence of the Convention, then sitting in the Salle des Machines. Soon afterwards the First Consul was installed there, and from his time to the present the palace has been inhabited by the Monarchs of France. In the revolution of 1830 the Tuileries was sacked, and the furniture plundered or destroyed; it was restored to its splendour by Louis Philippe, and here lived the Citizen King until Feb. 24, 1848, when with the Queen and his family he fled along the river terrace of the gardens to the Place de la Concorde, where he entered a carriage and escaped to the coast. The mob broke into the palace, carrying away the throne, which they burnt in the place de la Bastille, and doing other damage. A party of ruffians established themselves in the Royal apartments, drinking from the cellars for ten days. The Tuileries then became a hospital for the wounded, an exhibition of pictures, and, since 1851, the home of Napoleon III. The flight of the Empress, the finding of the secret papers, and the concerts given by the Commune are its last historical episodes.

The façade of the Tuileries was nearly 1000 ft. long, irregular in architecture, but picturesque and imposing from its mass. The centre and the north and south wings were called respectively the Pavillon de l'Horloge, the Pavillon de Flore, and the Pavillon Marsan. Molière's "Psyché" and the "Comédie Française" were played, and Voltaire was publicly crowned in the old Salle des Machines, upon the site of which was rebuilt Napoleon III.'s theatre and chapel. Under the late Empire, by the permission of M. l'Adjudant-Général, the Tuileries was shown to visitors. The state staircase led to the Salle de la Paix, a white and gold ball-room, which in its turn led to the Salle des Maréchaux, which extended the whole depth of the palace and the height of two floors, and was one of the most splendid and gorgeously decorated

halls in Paris. On the walls were ranged the busts of Marshals and Generals; the ceiling was exquisitely carved and painted, the four caryatides being copied from those by Jean Goujon in the Louvre. These saloons were fitted up by Louis Philippe, and there was a fine view from their windows towards the Arc de l'Etoile. Here have assembled the gay crowds which set the fashions to all woman-kind, and made the Tuileries balls famous throughout the world. Doors led from the Salle des Maréchaux, on the right, to the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress, on the left, through the Salle du Premier Consul, used as a card-room; the Salle d'Apollon; the Salle du Trône, where a new throne replaced that burnt by the mob in 1848; and the Galerie de Diane, the Imperial dining-room.

VICTIMS OF THE COMMUNE.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

THE Communists at the last moment of their power massacred certain of their prisoners, or "hostages," as they chose to call them, among whom was the Archbishop of Paris. Georges Darboy was born at Fayl Billot, in the Haute Marne, on Jan. 16, 1813, and distinguished himself when a youth at the seminary of Langres.

In 1836 he was ordained priest and appointed Vicar of St. Dizier, near Vassy. In 1839 he became professor of philosophy in the seminary of Langres, and two years later occupied the chair of dogmatic theology. In 1844 the seminary was given over to a religious order, and M. Darboy left the diocese for Paris, where his celebrated predecessor, Monseigneur Affré, then Archbishop—who was shot on a barricade in 1848—appointed him Aumonier to the College of Henry IV., and later one of the honorary canons of Paris. Monseigneur Sibour, the successor of Cardinal Affré, intrusted him with the management of the *Moniteur Catholique*, and afterwards appointed him Premier Aumonier to the College of Henry IV. and honorary Vicar-General, with the duty of inspecting the religious instruction in the lycées of the diocese. In November, 1854, M. Darboy accompanied the Archbishop to Rome, where the Pope conferred on him the title of Apostolic Prototestary, and in the next year he was appointed titular Vicar-General of Paris. In 1859 he became Bishop of Nancy, and in January, 1863, he was called to occupy the archiepiscopal chair of Paris, in the room of M. Morlot. His installation took place on April 22 of the same year, and on Jan. 8, 1864, he was appointed Grand Aumonier to the Emperor, and was called to the Senate on Oct. 5 following. In August, 1866, he was appointed a member of the Imperial Council of Public Instruction. He received the decoration of the Legion of Honour on Aug. 12, 1860; became an officer of the Legion on Aug. 14, 1863; and grand officer on Aug. 15, 1868.

Mgr. Darboy had a difficult part to fill as Archbishop of Paris, and in endeavouring to act as a conciliator he failed to please either party. The Ultramontanes considered his pastorals to be filled with philosophy, and decidedly too tolerant. With respect to one of them, upon "Duty," he was accused of having admitted the principle of independent morality. He never appeared in the Senate as a fierce partisan of the temporal power of the Pope, and his speech, on Nov. 27, 1867, on the Roman question gave serious offence to the Holy See, which had already regarded him with some disfavour. This was shown in a letter from the Pope, which displayed no small amount of irritation in consequence of this speech and of certain acts of the prelate which were esteemed to be too tolerant. Mgr. Darboy, having proceeded to Italy to be present at the eighteenth centenary of St. Peter, was directed to use every effort in his power to induce the Pope to pay a visit to Paris on the occasion of the Exhibition; but he failed to effect this purpose, and the persistent refusal of the Pontiff to send to the Archbishop a Cardinal's hat was considered strong evidence of the misunderstanding between him and the Pope; against which, however, the prelate protested in a pastoral letter issued in April, 1869, on the occasion of the Pope's jubilee. In November of the same year he issued another pastoral when leaving Paris to attend the Ecumenical Council, and ridiculed a prevalent idea to the effect that the Bishops were going to stifle the free discussion of their colleagues, and were about to vote by acclamation the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope. He also said that, notwithstanding the imperfections which might have been discovered in the relations between the Church and State, those relations should be upheld in the spirit in which they had been settled by the Concordat. In the council the French Bishops for the most part were leaders of the Liberal party, and Mgr. Darboy and Mgr. Dupanloup, with others of their countrymen, made a bold stand against the dogma of infallibility.

Monseigneur Darboy published, in 1845, a translation, with an introduction and notes, of the works of Dionysius the Areopagite. In 1849 he published the "Women of the Bible," a work which has passed through five editions. The "Life of St. Thomas à Becket," and some other similar works, are also among his contributions to religious literature.

THE ABBÉ DE GUERRY.

The second most important "hostage" who was shot last week in Paris by the Communists, the Abbé de Guerry, the Curé of the Church of St. Eustache, was born in 1797, of a family of Swiss extraction, at Lyons. He was educated at the diocesan seminary and at the College of Ville Franche. He was ordained priest, by a special dispensation, before attaining the full age, on account of his early piety and learning. Having spent three or four years in teaching theology in a seminary in the south of France, we find him famous for his preaching at Lyons in 1824, and in the two next years in Paris, where he attracted the attention of Charles X., who made him aumonier of one of his regiments of Guards. In 1828 he was chosen to deliver the *éloge* of "The Maid of Orleans," Jeanne d'Arc, and some thirty years afterwards again performed the same duty. From 1830 to 1839 he appears to have devoted himself almost entirely to the work of preaching on missions and other public occasions; and, soon after a visit to Rome, in 1840, was appointed a Canon of Notre Dame, to which office, four years later, was added that of "Arch-Priest." Not long after he was nominated Curé of St. Eustache. He was the author of several religious works, which were popular on their first appearance and still continue to be favourites—"La Trappe Mieux Connue," "La Vie des Saints," and "L'Histoire de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament, pour la Jeunesse Chrétienne," but which is well adapted for grown-up persons, in spite of its title. Not long afterwards he had conferred on him the cross of the Legion of Honour. In 1853 he appears to have published "Notice sur le Comte de Clocheville." His venerable countenance and his more than "threescore years and ten" could not save him from the hands of the assassins, though, we believe, that his only fault, even in the eyes, was that he had been singled out for marks of honour by both the Bourbon and the Napoleon dynasty.

M. BONJEAN.

One of the most important of the "hostages" who suffered death at the hands of the Commune—the most important person of their lay victims—M. Bonjean, was President of the Court of Cassation; and it was only the fact of his holding a high position, and being respected by all persons whose respect was worth having, that can have rendered him odious. He was a very old man, as old at least as the Abbé Deguerry. It was chiefly as a Judge and not as a politician that his name was known to the world, though all that was known of him as a politician was in his favour. Indeed, he enjoyed the rare distinction of being, perhaps, the one Liberal member of an Assembly so bigoted and so subversive as was the Senate under the Empire. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he remained firm at his post during the siege and during the far more perilous period of the conflict between M. Thiers and the Comité Central. His arrest was, so to speak, an

accident, as he happened to be paying, or expected to pay, a visit, by appointment, to the house of his friend, the Procureur-Général, when the police of the Communists were taking possession of the house of the latter officer. He bore his imprisonment, old as he was, with patience and resignation, remarking that for the last forty years he had been self-condemned to upwards of twelve hours' hard labour a day over his books and papers, and that he could work as well at these in a prison cell as in a palace.

A VISIT TO WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

(From the "Daily News.")

OF all the holiday sights perhaps there is none that opens the eyes of the multitude in greater wonder than the vast manufacture and storehouse of war which our peace-loving nation maintains on the banks of the Thames. If the British subject wishes to see for himself what his weapons and his means of defence are, and how his money is being laid out, this is the place where he will soon get a satisfactory answer. At least he will see what tremendous energy there is at work, and what gigantic results are produced, worthy indeed in this respect of the nation and its immense resources, but whether altogether satisfactory to the demand of efficiency with economy is another question. However, putting aside for the moment, or agreeing to, as the bankers say, "write off the bad debts" of past errors and extravagant speculation, we may at any rate congratulate ourselves on having emerged from the region of experiment and entered upon the solid ground of improvement.

The really important work which has lately occupied Woolwich is the forging of big guns for the Navy and forts, and making carriages for them. It is, indeed, something wonderful to see bars of iron 6 in. thick and more than 100 ft. long, wound out of the furnace upon a roller as easily as a lady's curl upon her finger. Sometimes two together are curled in this way, so as to get them thick enough for the gun's jacket. They are next hammered close together, under the great Nasmyth hammer, and so welded into one tubular piece. The huge piece for the very thick body of the gun, with its trunnions to support it on the carriage, is built up in pieces welded by a tremendous apparatus of huge pinners worked by a crane, which lifts the mass from the furnace to the anvil. Some notion of the difficulties overcome in handling such a forging as this will be gained by knowing that the weight of these trunnion pieces is about nine tons. The heat of the great furnace is kept up, and the men are obliged to work in parties, night and day, as, when begun, the work must be finished. It takes, however, not more than a week of this incessant forging to complete it. The enormous ring, with its side pieces like stumps of arms, has, when cool, to be conveyed to the lathe to be shaved and pared into shape. Tramways lead to the lathe-room; and here are to be seen these immense pieces turning round as helplessly and steaming away like roasting ducks on a spit, with the cook, in the shape of a very intelligent-looking artisan, basting them with oil and water to prevent the heat burning the tool by the great friction. It all looks so easy, from the perfection of the working, that most people would pass by without exercising even that amount of floating inquisitiveness which old George III. showed when he asked over the dish of apple dumplings how on earth the apples got into them. How are these little lumps of about nine tons got into the lathe and suspended with such nicety between the two points on which they turn with such accuracy that the movement does not vary so much as the 10,000th of an inch? We confess to have been as much puzzled as the old King till our guide pointed up above to the travelling crane that ran backwards and forwards above the whole length of the workshop. The crane, so humorously named by the workmen because it seems to stretch its long neck out over anything that is to be lifted and dips down upon it with a resistless grip, has been enormously increased in power of late years by the application of steam and hydraulic power. In its way there is nothing more curiously fascinating than to watch how three or four of the commonest labourers, with one of these long-necked slender cranes, move guns of twelve to twenty-five tons weight from the ground, and pile them one on the other as easily as if they were so many billets of wood. This is only one of the directions in which the whole plant of Woolwich gun factory has been revolutionised in the last ten years from having to deal commonly with guns and gun carriages of more than three times the weight of the 68 pounders, and often more than six times that weight. The difficulty seemed at one time all but insurmountable; but we shall see it has been completely got over when we enter the gun-carriage department. We have yet to see how the steel barrel is put into its iron jacket. Lying about the doors of the large workshops are to be noticed a good many solid cylinders neatly turned, about 10 or 15 in. diameter, and 8 or 9 ft. long; these are for the barrels, and they are of the best steel that can be made. Steel-making is a special trade, and it goes on chiefly at Sheffield, where the Woolwich authorities purchase their metal of Messrs. Firth, at the price of from £60 to £80 a ton. This seems a high price, but it is only half the price Krupp, the greatest foreign maker in the world, charges for steel of the same quality. The Government some time since obtained a tender from Krupp for steel at the price paid to Firth, but when the sample was tested it was found not up to the strength and quality required. All steel and iron used at Woolwich are tested by a machine which applies with the greatest ease, by means of a system of levers and wheels, a pressure of many tons. In the test-room the tables are covered with thousands of neatly-ticketed little cylinders, which have been broken, all duly marked and recorded in a book. The steel is tried for tension, crushing, and bending, and the steel employed in the guns is heated and placed in an oil-bath, to give it certain qualities of strength which it is considered are obtained in this way. The steel cylinders having had their oil-bath are ready to have their jackets put on; but the jacket has been made to fit exactly, or rather a trifle too small, so how is it to be got on? The iron jacket is expanded by warming it, and the cylinder is then easily put in, being kept cool itself by a stream of cold water, otherwise it would lose its temper given by the oil-bath, while the jacket contracts as it cools, surrounded by a circle of jets of cold water, and thus grasps the steel cylinder tightly.

The gun, when formed of these annular sections—its middle trunnion piece and its breech piece all welded together—is next seen laid down and being bored out, and after that, undergoing the rifling process, which consists in passing a long hollow rod, with a head something like a piston, armed with strong cutters, which, as the rod is turned by the engine, cut into the sides of the bore as the rod is slowly withdrawn. The shavings are swept out by a stiff brush fixed round the end of the rifling-rod, while a jet of water is poured right into the gun to keep it cool. So stringent are the orders now for the examination of the rifling of the guns that the smallest roughness in the grooves about the bottom of the bore, where the stress of the explosion occurs, is enough to condemn the gun. While looking at the process, some gutta-percha casts of a 12-ton gun made by a contractor were being carried past; and, on examination, these showed certain little lines which the experts pronounced fatal. Additional restrictions are now necessary, as it is found that the new pebble powder creates a degree of heat which is very searching to the metal. More desirable, scientifically speaking, would be a much quicker powder with a much stronger gun. To reduce the powder to suit the gun must be to lose power which is at hand.

Having got our big gun, the monster will be of no use unless it can be handled with rapidity and certainty. But, as hydraulic cranes are simply impossible on board ship or in a fort, and as any number of men with the old handspikes and tackle would fail to move these huge weapons of modern naval warfare, some means were to be found for mounting them securely, and for working them as a gun must be worked to fight with it successfully. Not longer back than 1866, so weak were our ships, armed on the broadside, in this respect of being able to fight their guns with any sort of sea on, that the order given by the Admiral of a squadron to man the

Friendship's Garland. Being the Conversations, Letters, and Opinions of the late Arminius, Baron Von Thunder-Ten-Tronckh. Collected and Edited, with a Dedictory Letter to Adoloscens Leo, Esq., of "The Daily Telegraph," by MATTHEW ARNOLD. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1871.

Accordingly, we find a great deal in this book that is thoroughly offensive. From beginning to end we see that in the author's mind there is a cynical contempt of poverty, a vein of knowingsness which is peculiarly unamiable in a poet, and more spiteful (if not libellous) personality than we believe any publisher of the rank of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. ever before ventured upon. Literature owes much to those gentlemen, and it owes much to Mr. Matthew Arnold; but the freedom with which he bandies people's names about in the midst of the most cruel impertinences, mingled with not less insolent touches of patronage (as in the case of Mr. F. Harrison), is something quite new in recent literature; and we are surprised that it has been allowed to hold its way thus far. There is much real humour in Mr. Arnold's writings, and much insight into moral nastinesses and imbecilities; but he is an exceedingly irreverent and unfeeling writer when he chooses. Nobody will be able to read without disgust his account of the death and burial of Arminius, or his references to the deceased wife's sister question. "It is a very clever book, and it makes you laugh; but I would as soon be a jackal as the man who wrote it." This was the comment of a cultivated friend of ours, who is very favourably disposed towards Mr. Arnold; and, indeed, we have not heard a single warm word about this unhappy little collection.

The burden of the song which Arminius is made to sing is well known to all readers of Mr. Matthew Arnold. The middle classes are vulgar and uneducated. Their schools ought to be hunted up by Government inspectors. A man ought not to be allowed to marry his deceased wife's sister. The newspapers—especially the *Daily News* and the *Daily Telegraph*—are blatant, ignorant, and misleading. England—through the feeble, conceited, and blundering middle-class policy of late years—has sunk to the rank of a third-rate Power, which is despised all over the world. This is a rough summary, no doubt, but it is a just one. The pages are sprinkled with personalities which, it seems to us, come within the scope of the law of libel:—"I told Sala what had happened. 'The old story,' says Sala; 'life a dream! Take a glass of brandy.' . . . "Sala blends the airy epicureanism of the salons of Augustus with the full-blooded gaiety of our English Cider-cellars." . . . The "brain of Mr. T. Chambers" is "a nest of spiceries." Mr. Miall is "an Israelite indeed." Mr. "Hepworth Dixon" is the author of a "Guide to Mormonism." . . . "Everybody knows Lord Elcho's appearance, and how admirably he looks the part of our governing classes. To my mind, indeed, the mere cock of his Lordship's hat is one of the finest and most aristocratic things we have. So of course I pointed Lord Elcho out to Arminius. Arminius eyed him with a jacobinical sort of a smile, and then: 'Cedar of Lebanon which God has not yet broken!' sneered he. I was pleased at Arminius knowing his St. Augustine, for the Prussians are in general thought to be much tainted with irreligion; but I felt at the time, and I feel still, that this was not by any means the proper way of speaking of a dashing nobleman like Lord Elcho." We may be perfectly sensible of the humour of some of this, and the justice of some of it too; but its taste is simply execrable, and it is nothing less than a public disaster that a man with the prestige of Mr. Arnold's name, an Oxford Professor, should set an example of this kind of low venom. The book is got up as a memorial volume. The cover is white, with a mourning border, and the motto calls upon you to fling down your lilies upon the grave of Arminius with a liberal hand. Who would have expected this from the author of "Empedocles on Etna"?

The book is pervaded by the old fallacy of Mr. Arnold's mind. He does not seem to see that there is a great gulf fixed between the desirableness of an end in itself and the desirableness of government compulsion for reaching it. One consequence of this is that he is often fighting with straws. His intimate enemy, the British Philistine, contends that for the purposes of public justice we should be very slow to admit of any kind of restraint on the publicity of criminal trials. Mr. Arnold flatters himself he has made a *reductio ad absurdum* of this when he proposes to print all the ugly cases in the *London Gazette*, and send it round to ladies' schools. We only regret to have to add that we firmly believe the influence of Mr. Arnold has been by no means inconsiderable, and that we are indebted in a large degree to him for the reactionary current which has now set in so strong.

Saint Anselm. By R. W. CHURCH, Rector of Whatley.
London: Macmillan and Co.

This volume forms one in an excellent series of books now being published as the "Sunday Library for Household Reading," and we can cordially recommend it, both for a certain strength and purity of style which is admirably adapted to the subject and for the interest which the writer has given to a chronicle that might have been made as dry and repulsive as Church history too frequently becomes under later priestly treatment.

The characteristic of this biography of one of the foremost men in this country in the Middle Ages is its true, simple humanity. There is the ring of an old ballad about some of its passages, and the undoubting truthfulness of some of the old records about its narrative; a charm born out of love for the subject and the desire to show what was the life and influence of the great man who was strong enough to be Archbishop and philosopher in one, and good and self-denying enough to be a saint. Not the least interesting part of the volume is its opening chapter, and its remarks on monasticism and its relation to an earnest religious life in the Middle Ages in England; while the second chapter leads the reader on, with undiminished pleasure, to an account of that wonderful monastery of Bec, which was named after neither saint, king, nor bishop; but, having been begun through the effort of one good, earnest man, rose from an insignificant building beside a stream or *beck* (whence it took its name), to a noble establishment noted not only for the hospitality and cheerfulness but for

the piety and learning of its inmates. This beck was at the bottom of the Valley of Brionne, and here Herlwin, the Norman knight, whose heart had been touched with religious fervour while he was at the Court of Duke Robert, and amidst strife, greed, bloodshed, pride, and sensuality, founded the monastery.

Heriwin was a genuine Norman, resolute, inflexible in purpose, patient in waiting his time, wholly devoted to his end, daunted by no repuls; shrewd, sturdy, and sure of his ground, and careless of appearances in comparison with what was substantial in his object. The story of his gaining permission to leave the Duke, to whom he had rendered the services of a staunch knight, is simply affecting, and the account of the foundation of the monastery is like the translation of a rare old chronicle, including some of that hearty humour which often makes the old stories so lifelike. It is unnecessary to say that the whole volume exhibits a thorough study of the subject and of the period to which it relates, and the old histories have been searched to furnish the particulars of a biography than which few have better deserved to be written. As a truly interesting addition to a most interesting and useful series, we cordially recommend this volume, and advise our readers to place it on the "Sunday shelf" of their bookcases as soon as may be convenient.

Madeline; with other Poems and Parables. By THOMAS GORDON HAKE, M.D. London: Chapman and Hall. 1871.

At the time of the first appearance of this remarkable volume a few words of recognition and welcome were addressed to it in another portion of this Journal. Poetry is not so plentiful as not to deserve a prompt, hearty, and ungrudging welcome; and such a welcome we gave, postponing anything like a full notice for a future time. But the more we have looked at Dr. Hake's book the more we feel that any ordinary notice, such as the columns of a newspaper admit of, would be inadequate. It is the sheer peculiarity of movement in the thought and in the verse which creates the difficulty. We have here, as any reader sees at a glance, true poetic instinct, high feeling, careful workmanship, and much culture—the latter, however, being indicated in the most unobtrusive manner, not by any means boldly visible in solid nuggets of reference or artfully insinuated in remote allusions. The author's knowledge, like his thought, is hinted with a naïveté—a sort of take-for-granted air—which is very uncommon and highly stimulating to the fancy. But, at the same time, these poems are not easy reading. Here and there the current runs pellucid, but not by any means always. Not that the bare meaning is, as a rule, or even commonly, obscure; but that the choice of epithet, the metaphor, and the suggestion are so unexpected. Dr. Hake puts us in mind at once of Vaughan and Andrew Marvell. But then there is a quasi-rusticity about him which sometimes suggests Sternhold and Hopkins—not that the verse is not fairly constructed, for it is; but that its art has an accidental look about it. On the whole, we give the volume up as a riddle—for a time. The rush of the London season, with Parliamentary and other vanities at their height, is not the time for studying a poet like this. But that reminds us, though we live his beautiful verse "fold itself up for a severer clime"—i.e., time—that there is a conventional twang about his ethics and his creeds which greatly surprises us. The general effect might, perhaps, be described as that of an impassioned and imaginative stoicism—a jumble of words which will convey little meaning; but we can think of no better just now. Meanwhile, the reader will be interested in two short extracts, which will perhaps suggest to him a kind of drier William Blake. One is

ON THE CONSCIENCE.

Harsh is the crown thy brow around,
 Thou hapless beggar's child !
 Why is thy head with prickles bound,
 To make thy name revild ?
 Thy voice shall whisler why in vain,
 So feeble is its force :
 Can stony heart its beat regain,
 And melt into remorse ?
 Pass on, poor child ; for thy name's sake
 Leave this infected place,
 Lest soon thy peace of mind partake
 The qualms it would efface.
 Nor in the crowd attempt a breach,
 Though more than warrior bold ;
 But to the babe thy lessons teach
 Before it is too old.

ON THE SOUL.

Free as the soul the spire ascends,
Heaven lets it in her presence sit ;
Yet ever back to earth it tends,
The tranquil waters echo it,
So falls the future to the past,
So the high soul to earth is cast.

But though the soul thus nobly falls,
Not long it borders on despair ;
It still the fallen glory hails,
Though lost its conquests in the air.

While truth is yet above, its good
Is measured in the spirit's flood.

Though not its first, its holy light
Is figured in that mirror's face ;
It scarce returns a form less bright
Than fills, above, a higher place ;
The one was loved, though little known,
The other is the spirit's own.

There is a piquancy of flavour about this to which we have hardly yet got accustomed; but we commend the volume to all who care for poetry, and are not without hopes of returning to it.

Wilson's Legal Handy Books. By JAMES WALTER SMITH, LL.D.,
of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Eillingham
Wilson.

"Were the state of the law known to all, no one, unless on the ground of knowingly false evidence, would venture to institute an illegal claim or defend himself against a legal one." This sentence, from Bentham, forms the motto to one of Dr. Smith's convenient "Handy Books" on law, and constitutes the best of reasons for writing the works—namely, to make "the state of the law known to all," and so obviate litigation by hindering people from advancing illegal pleas; and, as the little books are both well and popularly written, we hope they have had a reasonable measure of success in accomplishing their object. Indeed, we can hardly doubt this, seeing that the members of the series have had a sale varying respectively from nine to thirty-seven thousand copies. The first of the series, which has had the larger circulation, treats of the "Law of Bills, Cheques, Notes, and I.O.U.'s," and includes the New Stamp Act; the second, which has reached the sixteen thousand, deals with the "Law of Private Trading Partnership;" and the third, which is the last issued, we presume, seeing that it has only reached the comparatively small sale of nine thousand copies, is devoted to the "Law of Master and Servant, Employer and Employed, as regards their Civil Rights." The cost of each book is only one shilling; and if the expenditure of that small sum help to keep any one out of the "clutches of the law," it must surely be a judicious investment.

A LOST CHURCH FOUND.—The oratory of St. Gothian, near Hayle, Cornwall, is the second instance of a church which had been buried in the sands for centuries being brought to light once more. St. Gothian, from the rudeness of the work, appears to be of a still more ancient date than the Church of St. Piran, which was found, a few years ago, at Porthanzabur, or "Perran-an-Yn-Sand." The public have almost succeeded in carrying off the whole of St. Piran's structure piecemeal, the bones of the dead not escaping the hands of energetic collectors; and, to prevent the same fate befalling St. Gothian, the Rev. F. Hockin, Rector of Phillisk, has taken the matter in hand, and, with the assistance of several gentlemen of the neighbourhood, is taking means for the preservation of this valuable relic of ancient British architecture.

to fire could not be obeyed. The captains of the "Hercules" could not be cast loose without becoming liable to serious injury to the men, and perhaps to the ship itself. Admiral Warren reported that the Channel water poured in and out of the guns, the shot fell out of them, and one was followed by two cartridges, the better of the crew, and brought down the ports with extreme violence, and two of the guns were damaged. The practice was wild in the extreme, near as the prescribed number of rounds—the Belle-Isle, which showed a manifest desire to get their guns off, it would have been utterly impossible to have gone through or fought an enemy's ship." If this was the case, I have ten guns and carriages, and what it would be with 12, 18, and 25 ton gun-carriage carriages. The problem has occupied all our attention in the services for years past, as well as some of our officers. There are to be seen in the yard of the Gunpowder Factory the various experimental carriages—that of the "Shark," R.A., another the invention of Colonel Clerk, and that of the Gun-Carriage Department, with a projecting carriage for the fore-part of the gun; and that of Colonel R.E., which employs a long hydraulic buffer, against which the recoil is given by the recoil. All these, however, have failed, and failures have come for some sufficient reason or other, and the Admiralty has now been made for some time past, and adopted by the Navy, that invented by Captain Scott, R.N., which the Admiralty superintendent of naval gun-carriages, first prominently brought into notice when the new 18-ton gun-carriages, made at Woolwich for the 18-ton gun-carriages, were taken down, and the Admiralty directed Captain Scott to construct the carriages required on his plan. The carriage, which appears in various stages of construction in the carriage department, appear to be the best in progress. The "Mortar" carriage, which is intended for boats especially, is not viable. This carriage, as Captain Scott is a wonderfully compact and ingenious application of mechanical power; it combines the power of friction with the weight of the gun to attain the requisite resistance to the short space of a six-foot run. It would be difficult to give a perfect description of this apparatus without drawings, but it may be understood by explaining that the carriage consists of the iron carriage run upon a slide like a railway rail, and the carriage is supported by four pieces, which are forced by a compressor as a brake both on the upper and the side surfaces of this slide. Then, in addition, there are two sets of long, wedge-shaped plates of iron at the sides of the carriage, and one set in the centre of the gun, between which work short wedge-shaped plates, the thin edge downwards, the reverse to the long plates, which have the thin edge upwards. The object of this simple contrivance is to facilitate the disengaging of the plate when the carriage has to be returned to the port-hole, and to utilise the weight of the gun as it recoils by making it press these wedges down into the long plates, which are squeezed together at the same time, or "set up," as the mechanics call it, by a lever handle attached to a strong clump, which one man works with perfect ease. The immense power acquired by this simple and ingenious friction device may be shown by the experiment of taking two books, placing the leaves of one in between those of the other in a bundle, when the greater the pressure on the covers of the books, the more difficult will it be to draw one from the other. The carriage is, of course, anchored firmly to the side of the ship, and at the rear there is the rack-racer on the deck, by which the "motion" of the gun is managed with accuracy by a very simple and easily-worked set of wheels, and men at a watch, and the running out of the gun by an endless screw in the base of the carriage. These heavy guns are by this means worked with much fewer men, much greater rapidity, and perfect safety and efficiency in a very rough sea. In the new carriages a small hydraulic pump, let into the side of the carriage, acts on the press under the body of the gun, and raises the carriage as pleasure bodily, so as to obtain an amount of elevation and depression in aiming which could not be got with narrow ports. The ordinary elevation and depression, when the gun rests on its trunnions, is managed with perfect ease by a set of racks and pinions worked by one or two men. So little is required for working these turret guns in this way that a single man might do it; and, on an emergency, such is the power of the mechanical appliances, that the gun could be fought with four or five men. It is altogether the most wonderful triumph of modern mechanical means over inert weight and tremendous momentum ever achieved. We may consider this most difficult problem for the naval armaments has at last been solved, and that a naval officer

Great improvements have been going on recently in the gun-
ners' field pieces; they are now being made lighter and
stronger. A most ingenious kind of nave has been invented for
the wheels, made of gum-metal, into which the spokes are fixed—
either, tightly jammed together—by means of triangular
bolts, which fit precisely into the spaces between the
ridges of the spokes, and are then riveted through, the two
discs of the nave forming a most compact and strong
construction. (Carriages with these wheels have been tested by
firing them 500 rounds of all sorts of missiles, at fair artillery
range, without being disturbed.)

Weapons of defence with us are of second-rate importance; but
everybody would like to know that at
which these receive their due attention. Passing along the
wharf by the river, we came upon a rather large stack of what
appeared to be portable soup packed in red canisters—certainly of
the kind, but not in the proportion to the other
ammunition, heaped at the arsenal. So that it was with no
surprise that we heard our guide call attention to these us-
ing which would have been passed by complacently
staining soup for our soldiers and sailors, instead of
for the invader. After all, however, the chances are,
I hoped, that these infernal machines will never operate
against us; they are for a weak country, not for the mistress
of the world. We were the only of this little island can come
to our help, then, good-by to our national great-
ness, and to the world, and to us then.

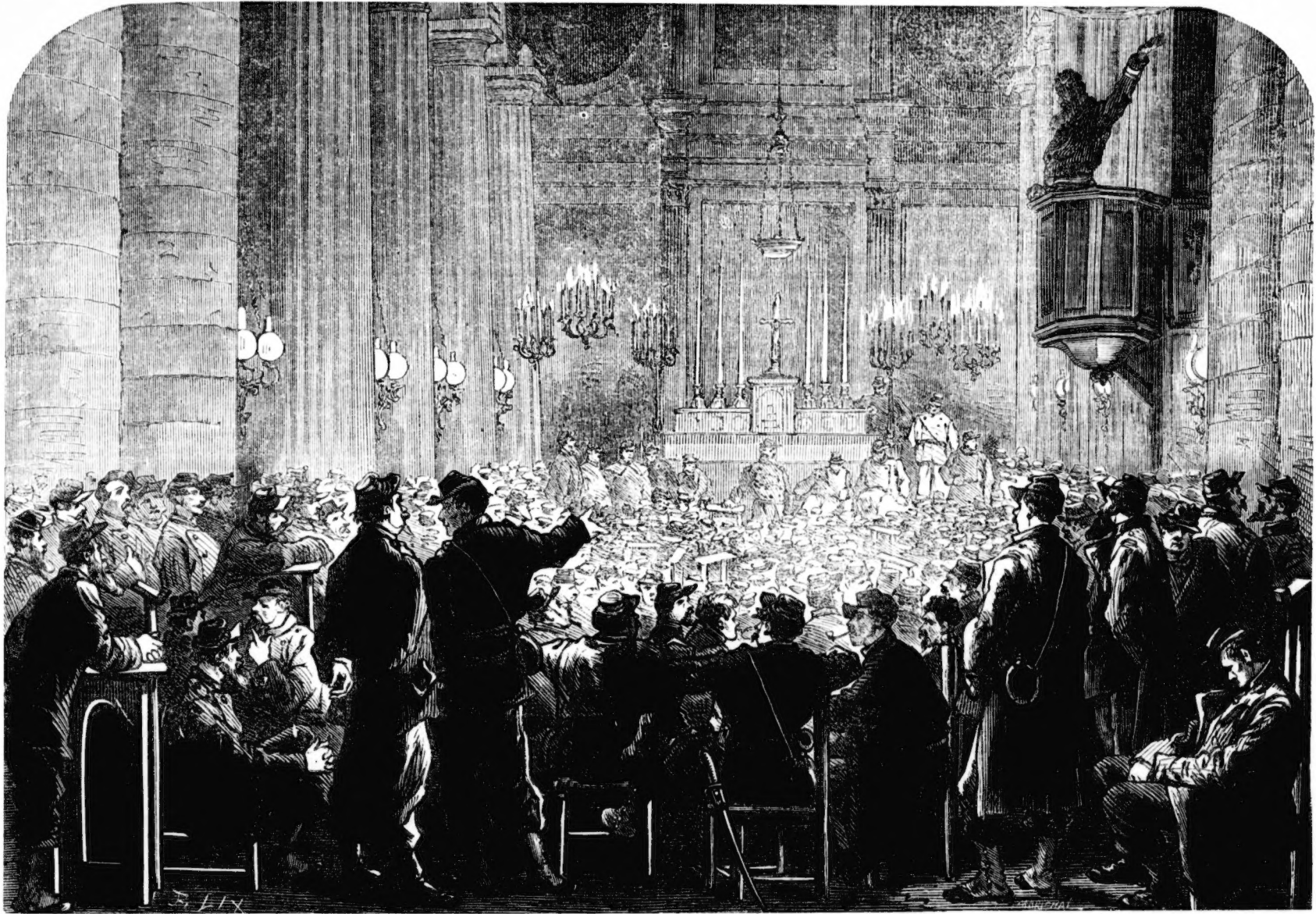
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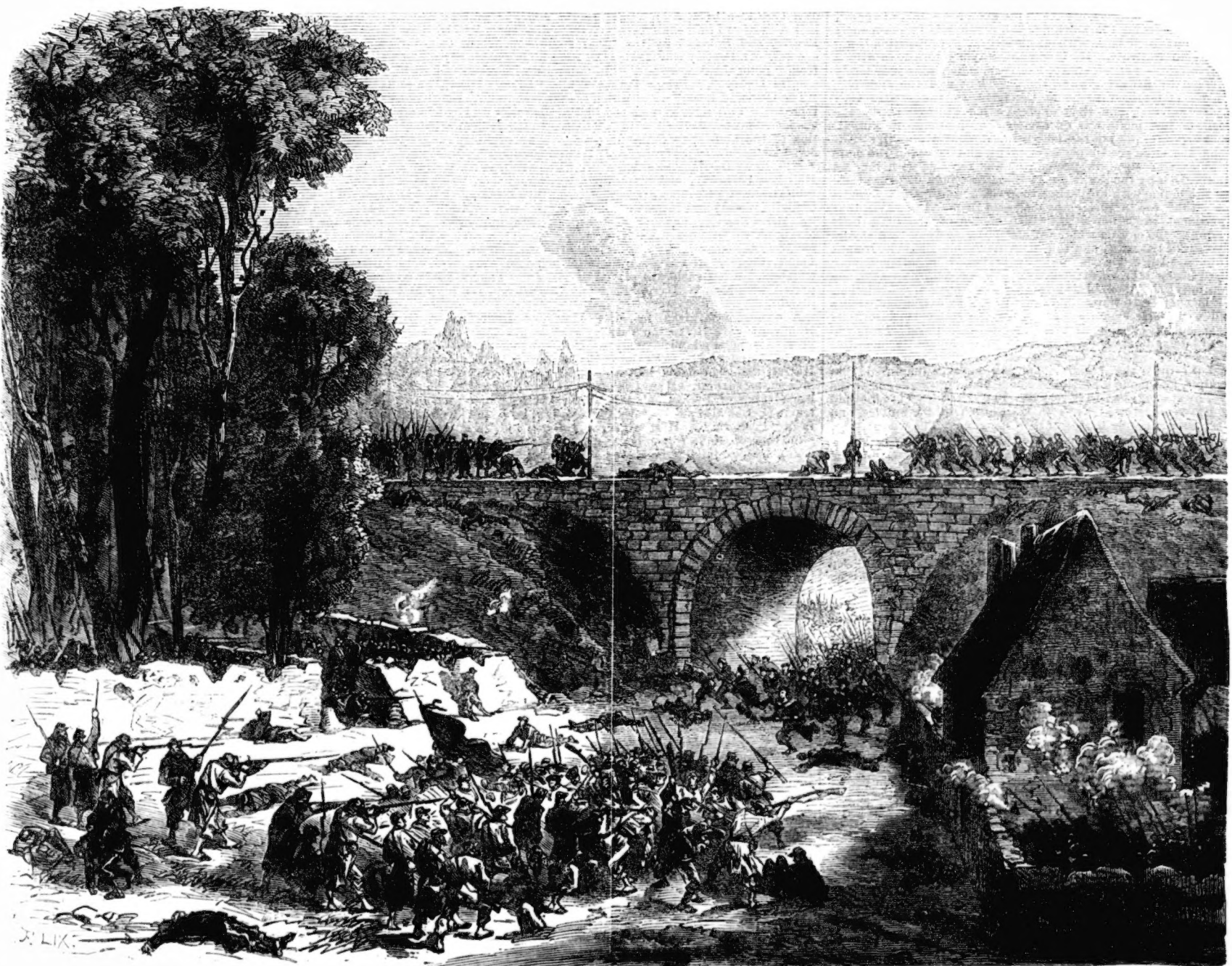
THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE: ATTACK ON THE REDOIT OF MOULIN-SAQUET BY THE VERSAILLES TROOPS.—(SEE PAGE 344)



THE U.S. ABANDONING MOULIN-SAQUET WITH THE CAPTURED GUNS AND OTHER WAR PRIZES.—(SEE PAGE 344)



PARIS UNDER THE COMMUNE: A POLITICAL CLUB IN A CHURCH.



THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE: FIGHT ON THE VERSAILLES RAILWAY BETWEEN FORTS VANVES AND ISSY. —(SEE PAGE 344.)

POLITICAL CLUBS IN THE PARIS CHURCHES.

WHEN the Commune "abolished religion," and closed the churches to worshippers, they were handed over to the political clubs as places for holding their discussions. A correspondent thus describes what he saw on a visit to some of these clubs:—

"A broadside of the prevalent 'rouge' tint, posted over Paris, made known to the citizens that the fine old Gothic Church of St. Eustache, facing the Halles Centrales, which had been closed for several weeks to public worship, would be opened as a political club, calling itself the Club Central de France. Already excited meetings of revolutionary citoyens and citoyennes had been nightly held in the adjacent Church of St. Nicolas des Champs, in the Rue St. Martin; at Notre Dame des Champs, near the Boulevard Mont Parnasse; and at St. Pierre Montrouge; and for several days it had been announced that St. Roch, in the Rue St. Honoré, would shortly be opened for a like purpose.

"After the Commune had decreed the separation of Church and State and what it sarcastically termed the liberty of conscience, and had sequestered all the property of the religious communities, one was quite prepared for the present step, which, however much it may shock one's prejudices, is, so far as St. Eustache is concerned, not so very violent a transformation after all, for the old Church of Jean de la Barre had already served for a Temple of Reason in 1794, and for a Temple of Agriculture, owing, perhaps, to its proximity to the Halles, in the year following. The attendance on this occasion was very numerous, and, as may be guessed, the audience was by no means select; still, among the multitude of kèpis and blouses there was a considerable sprinkling of the petit bourgeois class, and even a few whom the Reds would style 'Aristos,' attracted of course by a sentiment of curiosity. The citoyennes were, if anything, in a majority, and were of almost all types. Respectably dressed women with their grown-up daughters, little shopkeepers' wives with their young families, jolly-looking dames de la halle, cocottes, ouvrières, femmes du peuple, and a certain number of those repulsive-looking females of almost all degrees of age who form the typical furies of excited Paris mobs. What struck one as curious was, that although the majority of women, on entering the church, dipped their fingers in the now empty basin for holy water, and devoutly crossed themselves, from mere force of habit, I suppose, none of them appeared in the least degree shocked or even surprised at the desecration that the temple, to which many of them must have been in the daily habit of repairing for years, was being subjected to. In lieu of the customary incense, there was a powerful odour of garlic and tobacco smoke; the seats of the choir were occupied by a Communist president, committee, and secretaries, over whose heads waved the red flag; while in the lofty carved oak pulpit, in place of some smooth-shaven abbé, discoursing on the old threadbare topic, 'the unbridled luxury of women,' a black-bearded orator is thundering out energetic denunciations of the 'Rurals' of 'Versailles.' Save that no one condescended to uncover himself, that short pipes were in the ascendant, and that citoyens and citoyennes alike had a preference for standing on their chairs, quite without regard to those behind them, the assembly was as well conducted as one might expect any miscellaneous gathering of several thousand persons to be.

"The orator who, when we enter, has possession of the pulpit— which, by-the-way, is now termed the tribune—is a citizen rather past the middle age. He is developing, in well chosen and energetic language, a proposition received rather favourably by the audience, to the effect that the meeting shall declare the Assembly of Versailles responsible for the deaths of all the victims of the present conflict, and that it shall petition the Commune to seize all the property belonging to members of the Assembly which it can lay hands upon, for the purpose of selling it, and devoting the proceeds to the payment of the pensions due to the widows and orphans of those who have sacrificed their lives for Paris and the Commune. The orator was progressing smoothly enough until the president required him to formulate his proposition in writing and sign it before he submitted it to the vote—an act the responsibility of which the speaker evidently did not care to accept, and maintained to be unnecessary; but the audience being, of course, opposed to anything like shirking, the speaker is ignominiously forced to quit the tribune without his sweeping proposition being submitted to the vote. He is succeeded by a young man with a stentorian voice—a short, sharp, incisive speaker, who judiciously commenced by flattering alike the president and the audience, whom he maintained to be in the right in the course they had just pursued, and then expressed his willingness, as the proposition just made was an excellent one, to sign it himself. The next speaker did not commence his discourse happily. Addressing the audience simply as citoyens, and ignoring the more than thousand citoyennes present, he was received with marked disapprobation by the sex, who at these meetings dispense their praise and blame with unsparing tongues, according as the sentiments of the orator please and displease them. I observed that the president had secured possession of one of the little bells belonging to the church which the attending acolytes ring at certain points of the mass, and that with its feeble jingle he sought to enforce silence for the unlucky orator, who, after having repaired his mistake, demanded, as did the preceding speaker, the dissolution of the Assembly, and scoffed at all ideas of conciliation, which he considered impossible when Royalists and Bonapartists united with their enemies. Following the stereotyped formula of the epoch of the first siege, he called on Paris to rise to defend itself—the salvation of humanity no less than of the nation depended on its doing so. As I turned to quit the building another speaker mounted into the pulpit, and made a hit in the course of an oration against the clergy, by stating that that very day 10,000 bottles of wine had been discovered stowed away in the Church of St. Sulpice, and taken possession of on behalf of the Commune. The women who, when they escape from the control of the priests, dearly love a bit of scandal against their spiritual pastors and masters, laughed heartily at this recital.

"At St. Nicholas des Champs I found much the same kind of thing enacting as at St. Eustache. The audience here were, however, hardly so well behaved. Their interruptions were louder and more frequent, pipes were more prevalent, and well-dressed people scarcer. As at St. Eustache, the bureau of the president and committee is installed immediately facing the pulpit, and I observed that advantage had been taken of a large painted wooden crucifix in front of one of the side chapels in its rear to affix to it the staff of the inevitable red flag, the drapery of which enfolded itself around the limbs of the Saviour. As I entered the church an orator was descending on some local question of the arrondissement concerning the refugees and the mairie. He was followed by a violent speaker, who insisted upon all the gates of Paris being closed the following morning, and that a complete blocus should be established by themselves; that no one should be allowed to go outside the walls except with special permission from the Commune; but that every one—old and young, foreigners and Parisians—should be forced to fight for the revolution. This speech was frantically applauded, as any talk about rising as one man, or a levée en masse, always tickles the Parisian fancy, and is a safe card to play. The next orator was a citoyenne, neither young nor good-looking, nor passably well dressed, and, indeed, in no degree interesting, and who, when the agitation which her presence created had subsided, called on the assemblage to shout 'Vive la Commune!' with her. Few voices, however, responded to the invitation. After expressing her agreement with the proposition of the preceding speaker, she urged all the men present not to wait to be coerced, but to march without delay for the Commune, and descended the tribune amidst general applause. An orator with a fixed idea next presented himself, and demanded that all the mouchards, ex-gendarmes, sergents-de-ville, and gardiens de la paix in Paris should be denounced by the people, and held as hostages against Versailles. He inveighed against those savage sergents-de-ville who used to sabre the women and children on the boulevards, and urged the instant denunciation of any of

them who might still be secreted in Paris. Complimenting the citoyennes, who had denounced several of these miscreants, he asserted that no honest woman would ally herself with a mouchard, a remark which awoke a solitary protest, which in its turn gave rise to loud cries of 'Seize the ex-sergent-de-ville,' followed by a scuffle and a scene of noise and confusion, which incessant ringing of the president's bell had failed to quell when I left the building."

In connection with this subject it may be stated that the engraving on page 340 represents the defence made by the market women for the curé of the church specially attached to the Halles Centrales when a party of National Guards went to arrest him. The female members of his flock twice rescued their pastor from the clutches of his captors; but their gallant efforts were ineffectual notwithstanding, for the unhappy curé was ultimately carried off, and was, we believe, placed upon a barricade and there shot.

MUSIC.

THE performances of the past week at the Royal Italian Opera have been repetitions of those already noticed. On Saturday last "Dinorah" was presented, and attracted the largest audience of the week. "Le Nozze di Figaro" was given on Tuesday, and afforded the public an opportunity of hearing on one evening more than a usual number of Mr. Gye's distinguished artistes. "Les Huguenots" was given on Thursday, and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" on Friday. For to-night "Un Ballo in Maschera" is announced (first time this season), with Signor Mario as Il Duca—his last appearance in that character previous to his final retirement.

Mdlle. Marimon, having recovered from her recent indisposition, appeared for the fourth time as Amina in "Sonnambula," on Saturday last, at her Majesty's Opera, exciting—as on previous occasions—her audience to an enthusiastic display of their admiration. On Tuesday the opera was repeated, with a like success. "Faust" was performed on Thursday, on which occasion three new candidates made their appeal to an English operatic public—viz., M. Capoul, as Faust; Signor Rives, as Mephistopheles; and Mdlle. Pauline Canissa as Margherita; about whom we shall have something to say after a second hearing. To-night M. Belval will make his début as Bertram in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable."

This day week the promised performance of "Fidelio" took place at the Crystal Palace, not on the stage, as originally announced, but in the room where the Saturday Winter Concerts are given, and without the pleasing adjuncts of scenery and costume. That the characters were judiciously distributed the following cast will show:—Leonora, Mdlle. Titiens; Marcellina, Madame Sisco; Rocco, Signor Poli; Pizarro, Signor Agnesi; Florestano, Signor Vizzani; Jacquino, Signor Rinaldini; and Il Ministro, Signor Caravoglia. The music allotted to each was capably rendered, and ought to have created its usual effect. That it failed to do so might have arisen from the manner in which the work was presented. Only once was the audience fairly roused to enthusiasm, and that was in the duet between Leonora and Florestano, admirably rendered by Mdlle. Titiens and Signor Vizzani. The choruses were fairly given by a body of voices numbering about sixty. Mr. Manns conducted.

The first of Mr. Boosey's summer ballad concerts was given, at St. James's Hall, on Monday night, when the lovers of this class of music mustered in great force. The artists were Madame Sherrington, Miss Wynne, Miss Enriquez, Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," "Eily's reason," and "A Woodland Song" (Taubert) were sung by Madame Sherrington in her usual charming manner. Miss Wynne gave with great expression "My lodging is on the cold ground," and a new song by Molloy, "My dove with bright blue eyes." Madame Patey's fine voice was heard to advantage in "She wore a wreath of roses," "Hope" (Claribel), and "Sacred vows" (V. Gabriel); and Miss Enriquez elicited considerable applause for her rendering of Haydn's "Spirit Song" and "My own true love" (Molloy). "My pretty Jane," "Sigh no more, ladies," and "Truth shall thee deliver" were sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, and followed by the usual result—vociferous calls for encores. Mr. Santley contributed the song he has made so popular from "Peter the Shipwright," "In childhood with crown and with sceptre I played," Prince Poniatowski's "Claude Duval," and "The Queen of Love," all of which the audience would have liked repeated. Two solos were played by the Chevalier de Kotski on the instrument associated with his name, to the evident satisfaction of the audience. Some part-songs were capably sung by Mr. Fielding's glee party. Mr. J. Hutton conducted.

Mrs. Raby Barrett's morning concert was given at St. George's Hall last Saturday, and attracted a large audience, to whom a well-arranged programme afforded much satisfaction. "Softly Sighs" (Weber) and Mozart's "Batti, Batti," were capably sung by Mrs. Barrett, and elicited considerable applause. Mr. Maybrick contributed "A warrior bold," and "A roving life," receiving the compliment of an encore after each effort. Madame Talbot Cherer, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Nolan were also contributors. A harp solo was played by Mr. John Thomas; he also played with Mrs. H. Davies in a duo concertante for harp and piano.

A concert was given by Miss Josephine Lawrence at the Hanover-square Rooms on Tuesday afternoon. The programme provided consisted principally of classical pieces; the instrumental being chosen from the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn, and Schumann, and the vocal from those of Handel, Mozart, and Hillar. Miss Lawrence was warmly applauded for her playing of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," and pianoforte trio in G. She also played with Madame Goddard Moscheles the duet from "Preciosa." Herr Straus and Signor Pezze contributed some solos on their respective instruments (the violin and violin-cello), besides joining in the concerted pieces. Mdlle. Drasil, Miss Galloway, Miss Fairman, and Mr. Montem Smith were the vocalists, Signor Randegger the accompanist.

Mrs. WILLIAM PEARCE, while standing in the doorway of her house, at Easton, Portland, a few mornings ago, was suddenly struck in the arm by a rifle ball, fired from a Snider rifle, which entered the flesh just above the wrist, and, after three hours, was extracted from the opposite side of the arm from that which it entered. The ball was split nearly half way, and a piece of the lady's flesh was inside. It seems that a number of officers and men were practising rifle-shooting and estimating distances, and a stray shot, fired at some passing rooks, doubtless did the mischief. Mrs. Pearce's life was at first despaired of, but it is now hoped she will recover.

MONUMENT TO GENERAL OUTRAM.—A full-length bronze figure of the late General Outram was, on Wednesday, placed on the pedestal erected for it within the last few days in the ornamental garden on the Thames Embankment, near Charing-cross Bridge, and it will shortly be uncovered. The site selected for the monument is well chosen, and, when the garden is completed and opened, the monument itself finished, it will appear to great advantage. The height of the monument is about 20 ft.; the pedestal is of polished granite, and its four corners are ornamented with trophies of arms, shields, and warriors' head coverings, finely executed in bronze, and typical of the races the gallant officer was opposed to in his campaigns.

IRISH TOSTINES.—In the Parliamentary Bluebook, recently issued, stating the public income and expenditure since 1688, mention is made of three tostines, with benefit of survivorship, authorised by the Parliament of Ireland in 1773, 1775, and 1778. There were three classes of annuitants. The first class comprised persons who at the time of subscribing were at least forty years old. The surviving annuitant in Dublin of this class of the fondness of 1778 was a widow lady named Wade, who was forty-four when nominated, and she appeared personally at the age of ninety-six to receive her annuity, then £730 7s. 8d., in return for the original subscription of £100; but even 700 per cent failed to keep her alive longer. The second class comprised persons who were between twenty and forty when nominated; and the youngest possible ages of the last survivors were ninety-seven and ninety-nine. The third class comprised persons under twenty when nominated; and the last return describes a survivor of the fondness of 1778 still remaining, who has received the annuity for ninety-two years. The great majority of the annuitants received their annuities in London, and not in Dublin; but, whatever their nationality, there were among them good lives.

THE PRISON-YARD OF SATORY.

Versailles, May 28.

To-day, being unable to enter Paris, I have paid a visit to the camp of Satory. It is a scene I shall never forget. The approach to the prison, or rather the place of confinement, is in itself sufficient to create a feeling of vague sadness. The flat plain is a sea of mud. For forty-eight hours it had been raining incessantly, and the carriage sank in the mud half-way up to the axles. The sun had just struggled out from the clouds, and soldiers were wading here and there through the deep mud. Near the walls of the barrack-yard, which forms the prison, were a group of tents no longer in use, and several of the tent-pegs of these had drawn, and the tents lay prostrate upon the ground, adding to the desolation of the scene. Arriving at the gate of the prison-yard I got out of my carriage. A strong body of gendarmes was stationed at the gate, at each side of which holes had been knocked in the walls, and cannon placed with their muzzles through the openings, so as to sweep the yard. An artilleryman stood in readiness near each cannon. Presenting my pass to the officer at the gate, I was handed on by a gendarme to a building to the right. Here the interrogation of the prisoners was going on. Some ten or twelve men and women stood awaiting their turn, and a National Guard was under examination. He was, of course, an insurgent *mugre* *luc*; he had been taken from his home, and had thrown away his musket upon the approach of the troops. He had not fired a single shot. The story of the next two prisoners was precisely similar. The officer in command now arrived, and, upon seeing my pass, at once gave me permission to go round the place, and ordered a gendarme to accompany me. We first went up stairs, where, upon the first and second floors, were the female prisoners, between 300 and 400 in number. The house was evidently unused at ordinary times. There was no balustrade to the staircase and no furniture whatever in the rooms, only some straw on the ground. In this place there was a close, noisome smell. There were women of all ages, from fifteen to sixty, together with a few young boys; a few sitting down, the rest standing about. There was an anxious, wan look upon them, and all turned and made a little movement as I entered. It seemed as if they half hoped, half feared that their hour had arrived to be interrogated. Some of the women were ferocious-looking viragos, the *tricotées* of the last revolution, the furies who poured blazing petroleum upon the heads of the troops as they advanced in this insurrection. A few were mild, frightened-looking creatures, who had probably shed by some husband they loved on the barricades, their love overcoming their fear. Some stared boldly and defiantly at me, with faces from which all show of modesty had disappeared years ago; others looked down abashed at the position and company in which they found themselves. Some were in rags, with wild hair, unkempt and matted, falling on their shoulders. Others were in decent clothing, and had made some efforts to tidy their hair and to preserve the looks of women. It was an intensely painful sight, and, bad as many of the women were, I felt my presence an intrusion upon their misery. My only consolation was that with them the worst was probably over. The busy horrors of the fight, the fear of instant execution, the long, weary tramp to Versailles, the jeers of the brutal crowd of Versailles, these had been suffered, and were past. There remained only a term of imprisonment of more or less duration. There is little fear of the infliction of any more severe punishment in their case. The women actually caught setting houses alight, were always shot on the spot; and these prisoners are either charged with having defended the barricades, or were in the majority of cases simply taken with masses of insurgents who laid down their arms. I now went out again into the yard. It is of considerable extent. On one side are a series of large sheds intended for artillery; the other side and the end are bare walls. In the centre of the square were a body of 1500 prisoners upon the point of starting for St. Cyr under a strong escort. They were for the most part soldiers of the Line or chasseurs-à-pied, and will be tried by court-martial upon their arrival. Some, no doubt, will be able to prove that they were in the Paris hospital at the time the troops retreated on March 18, and that they have taken no active part in the affair. Others, again, were in isolated forts and barracks on the same occasion. These men may escape with imprisonment. Those who belong to the regiment which, when ordered to carry the barricade of Montmartre, refused to obey orders, and fraternised with the people, and those who deserted after the commencement of hostilities—a small fraction, by-the-way—will to a certainty be shot. I now went across to the sheds. A strong line of gendarmes, with loaded muskets, were ranged along in front of them and at the open doors. These sheds, four in number, each contained about 2000 men. Such a sight I never saw before and never wish to see again. The prisoners were almost all bareheaded, and were dressed in all kinds of garbs. Like the women, they were of all ages—from old grey-bearded men, who have fought in engagements for the last fifty years, to lads of fourteen. Such a collection of villainous faces, low, scowling foreheads, broad animal chins and mouths, and heads of the convict type, were probably never seen together before. Was it possible that any one city could contain so many wretches of the worst type? The crowd that in old times assembled at an execution in London can alone convey an idea of the general character. Among them, however, are, of course, many marked exceptions. Many bear on their faces the bourgeois type; they lacked the ferocity, the vigour, and the dogged sullenness or defiant boldness of their fellows. They looked miserable and downhearted. These are the pressed men of the insurrection. I saw one lad whom I could have given a good deal to have been able at once to release from the terrible company in which he was. A bright, bold-faced lad of fourteen or fifteen, respectably dressed, and evidently a messenger in some house of business. He was standing in the front rank at one of the doors, looking wistfully out at the bright sunshine. His face, I trust, be a sufficient passport when he comes up for examination. Despite the large size of the open doors, the stench in these sheds was shocking. I entered one, and walked through the crowd with my gendarme, and breathed when I went out into the air as a man would upon issuing from a den of wild beasts. If all these men are imprisoned or transported, crime will be scarce in Paris for years to come. After inspecting the sheds, I crossed the yard to the most miserable spectacle of all. There were some 3000 or 4000 poor wretches in the open air. It was absolutely impossible to find shelter for the 30,000 prisoners who have now been captured, and the scene here reminded me of the description of the state of the French prisoners after Sedan. The men here had as bad faces as those of their companions in the sheds, but they had not the same hard, defiant look. Forty-eight hours of continuous rain had broken their courage. The rain had only ceased an hour or two; and, drenched through, blue with cold and misery, hopeless and disheartened, they looked the picture of living misery. Straw was laid down thickly over the ground. Many had made a sort of shed of this, and, placing this over their heads, had to some extent protected themselves. A large number of these imprudent coverings lay upon the ground, the owners having thrown them away to get the full benefit of the sun. Others had wrapped straw bands round their legs and bodies; some still lay in the place where they had passed the night, with only their heads visible. Correspondent of the "Standard."

THE WESTBOURNE-GROVE TRAGEDY.—The inquiry into the death of Mr. F. G. Moon, who was stabbed in the house of Mrs. Davey, on the 24th ult., was resumed on Thursday, when a verdict of wilful murder was returned against Mrs. Davey.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.—The Diplomatic and Consular Service Committee in their report approve of the admission of members upon a test examination rather than by way of open competition, and believe that it is undesirable in the interests of the public that the promotion, especially in the higher and more responsible posts, should be by seniority. The Secretary of State ought to make his appointments to such positions, on his own responsibility, and by way of selection, and, while paying proper regard to the due claims of those in the service, he should not be confined to it in his field of choice.

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Two Small Theatres on the Balcony Floor of the Albert Hall.
3. Woollen and Worsted Manufactures are exhibited in the
South Rooms on the First and Second Floors of the Albert
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